

THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Three-halfpence—Every Friday

Have You Seen
My Magazine?

SHALL THE CHILDREN OF VIENNA DIE?

CHILDREN LEAVE THE STARVING CITY

A TRAGIC TRAINLOAD

Driven by Hunger to a Foreign Land

SCENE IN VIENNA STATION

By Our Special Vienna Correspondent

This morning, after a frugal meal of dry bread and cold, sugarless tea, I went off to the station, to see 600 Vienna boys and girls taken away to Sweden.

Crowds of people were waiting about, and the children were arranged in batches of thirty and forty. All of them had knapsacks on their shoulders, and numbers: M 130, M 240, and so on.

Most of the children were girls, of all ages from nine to fourteen, of all sizes from three feet to five feet, and almost all were pale and thin. Many were carrying knapsacks as heavy as themselves.

Faces at the Window

I cannot say that many of the children were pretty. They looked too ill and tired to be pretty, and hunger had taken all the childish gaiety out of them.

I could see the pale faces of anxious mothers against the glass doors of the waiting-rooms, trying to catch glimpses of their children, and as soon as the children were all safely in the train, the waiting-room doors opened, and out streamed fathers and mothers.

In a moment the windows of the train were lowered, and 600 faces struggled to find room in them, while all the fathers and mothers ran up and down the platform looking for their little ones.

All the children chattered at once, and the tired, wan faces lit up. There was not only love, but a tale of privation and anxiety in each parent's eyes. Many of them had sold everything to keep their children alive. Many of them had fasted that their children might have food, and now, with joy and pain, they saw their children carried to a distant land.

The Long, Sad Farewell

It was a very touching scene; indeed, I have never seen anything more touching than these little children wedged into the windows—nine or ten faces together, ill, pale and pinched, all too soon acquainted with sorrow, yet all lit up as they looked into the upturned faces of fathers and mothers.

They were going for a great adventure. Four days and nights they must travel till they reach Sweden, and then it will be like heaven.

Yet even in this heaven, I know, they will be thinking of home, longing for the poor father and mother they have left to endure cold and hunger.

Now it was time for the train to go off. Mothers were lifted up to kiss good-bye, and I saw thin hands stroking a mother's face. Fathers reached up, and little boys reached down, and they held on even after the train had started. One father I saw in black; his wife had died

Most Fearful Creature Ever Seen



This amazing creature, stalking through the forests of Africa like some colossal prehistoric man, has just been captured dead. No such animal has ever been caught alive. See page 4.

two days ago, and now his two little girls were leaving him; and to-night he will sit alone in a cold room and think of his children rushing north to a foreign land.

Most of the little ones managed to smile bravely, and most of the fathers and mothers kept their tears back till the train had gone; and as the train glided out of the station every window had ten little faces wedged into it, and from every window little arms waved frantically.

The Children's Fund to Save Vienna's Children

Will you help the starving little ones? Every shilling sent now will help to bring back life to some shrinking, shivering child.

The Children's Newspaper has arranged to send out relief immediately, and every shilling sent in response to its appeal will be turned into food and goods. No expenses will be charged on these subscriptions; every pound subscribed will be full value in Vienna.

And as I stood there I was envious. I wished that I were proudly taking 600 suffering children to the love and pity of my own country.

Five thousand Vienna children are in Sweden and Holland; Switzerland, Denmark, and Italy have all rescued some. Will not our own Homeland show herself chivalrous and generous and pitiful? Will not the children of our British Isles give me a train to bring 500 children home? That is the way to end war!

It has been decided to count the fund in shillings, and the Editor begs his readers to send all the shillings they can in time to save these precious lives.

Subscriptions should be addressed to C.N. Appeal, Save the Children Fund, McLean Buildings, New Street Square, London, E.C. 4.

The first list will be given next week

Who Saves a Little Child Lays a Stone in the Kingdom of Heaven

THREE MEN IN MID-AIR

THRILLING SIGHT

How They Saved a Senseless Steeplejack

FEARFUL ORDEAL OF A YORKSHIRE BOY

The Albert Medal, the V.C. of civil life, has been given to three daring and ingenious Sheffield men, whose names should be widely known and held in remembrance: Charles Whelpton, Edward Naylor, and Horace Ball. Here is the story of what they did.

The great chimney at the Atlas works, Sheffield, a structure 150 feet high, was being repaired by two steeplejacks, a man and a boy, when by some mischance gas fumes were suddenly permitted to escape up the stack. The steeplejacks were overcome by the deadly uprush—the man entirely, the boy so badly that he was helpless, yet just able to make signals of distress to those below. A terrible ordeal this boy passed through.

The Short Ladder

Our three heroes are not steeplejacks, but they have acquired a sense of security in the air by practice on work aloft, and they swarmed up the chimney ladder to the rescue.

But the ladder stopped short seven feet from the top! Like seamen on a mast, the brave climbers scrambled over the intervening space by crawling hand over hand up a steel band which coils round the top, and so made their way over a projecting crown of the chimney.

They reached the summit of the 150 feet shaft, only nine inches wide, and there, on this narrow ledge, they applied artificial respiration for 20 minutes to the unconscious man. Then, with extreme difficulty, they got him into an ambulance sling which they had in the meantime received by means of a rope below. In this they lowered the prostrate man to the ground, and then, with the boy, they followed the unconscious burden to safety.

Horror of a Great Height

The bravest man in the world may be overmastered by the horror of climbing or standing at a height. To fail in the attempt, to falter and turn faint, is as natural as for a man who cannot swim to struggle helplessly in water. The weakness is the outcome of what is called vertigo, a condition in which the victim feels as if everything were reeling.

In such a crisis a man is apt to cast himself down from a height to destruction. These three men faced all these perils of vertigo, of accident with the fearful burden of a senseless man, and came down to safety from the high and narrow ledge without a hair of their heads harmed. Where could be found a finer example of steadiness and courage and calm? We send our hearty congratulations to these Sheffield men.

BIG FOUR ON THE FLOOR

HOW THEY STUDIED THE BIG MAPS

New Glimpse of the Peace Conference of Paris

CHINAMAN AND THE MOON

Some interesting peeps at the great Peace Conference that ended the war have just been given us by a bright and clever Frenchman who acted as interpreter for the Big Four—Mr. Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, M. Clemenceau, and Signor Orlando.

M. Paul Mantoux, this Frenchman, has lately been entertained to dinner by a group of friends, and in his speech he opened the door on the inner room of the Conference, and let us see its famous tenants as they were in those great hours when they were re-shaping the affairs of the world.

Conversation was very informal and very friendly. Sometimes, when a place of some unknown locality was mentioned, a large map was brought in, and then those great men might be seen crawling on the floor. Sometimes the Four had their moments of leisure, when documents were required, and the interval was passed in story-telling.

The President's Chinaman

President Wilson was good at short stories, and they were always much enjoyed. He told one about a Chinaman and the moon. He said there was a Chinaman who, when taking water out of a well and seeing the reflection of the moon, said to himself: "Oh, this is very serious indeed. The moon has fallen into the well, and it is my duty to try to take it out." Then he dropped his bucket and pulled as hard as he could—so hard that he fell on his back—and on looking up saw the moon in the sky. He then said to himself: "Well, that is good work!"

People had wondered why M. Clemenceau attended the gathering of great men always wearing grey gloves, and never took them off. This gave rise to much speculation, but there was a simple explanation. M. Clemenceau told M. Mantoux that his skin was constantly getting drier, so he kept it oiled, or something of that sort. He therefore put on gloves, because he could not shake hands with people or write with hands in that condition. That was the key to the gloves mystery.

SMOKING IN THE TRAIN

A Welcome Change

PURE AIR FOR THOSE WHO LIKE IT

The world does move. A few months ago we suggested that the railways should adopt an idea of the Dean of Durham, and the railways are now adopting it.

The suggestion was that it would make travelling much more pleasant if, instead of labelling certain carriages "Smoking," those should be left unlabelled and the others labelled "Not Smoking."

This is now to be done on the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, and it will have a very good effect. The tendency of a smoker on the railway is to be selfish, and to smoke wherever he pleases, leaving it for non-smokers to object. The new arrangement will save those who do not smoke from seeming discourteous when a selfish smoker forgets his manners.

The idea is that two-thirds of the carriages shall now be available for smoking, and in one-third smoking shall be strictly prohibited. It is a great pity that smoking should increase so rapidly, but, as it is so, it is good to see this consideration for the travelling public that likes to breathe air clean and pure.

TEA AT 16.30

Great Change in the Clock ONCE A DAY ROUND INSTEAD OF TWICE

Our way of recording daily time is about to be changed. A committee has been considering the matter, and recommends that our day, as it is marked on clocks and in time-tables, shall run from one to twenty-four o'clock, instead of from one to twelve twice over.

No doubt the recommendation will be carried out, for nothing can be said against it except that we are used to having two eight o'clocks, and so on, in each day, calling one a.m., and the other p.m., and, of course, we dislike any change from old habits.

Other countries—France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and Switzerland—have made the change and like it. The Navy and Army found it convenient, and everyone who travels on the Continent quickly understands it.

And so we may be sure that before long we shall be lunching at thirteen o'clock instead of one o'clock in the afternoon, and having tea at 16.30 instead of half-past four. Supper or dinner will be at 20 o'clock, and children will go to bed happy at 20 or 21, and very soon we shall be wondering why we ever used any other way.

MRS. SUZUKI

And Her Marvellous Business in Japan

How much money ought any one person to have? Is £30,000,000 enough, or too much? That is the money which, it is said, one little Japanese woman has. It is said that women cannot build up great businesses, but what shall we say of this lady?

She has gathered up nearly all her money herself by knowing how to use the efforts of other people. At least, she has gathered most of it—not quite all, for her husband died 20 years ago and left her a big sugar factory. This she sold for £650,000, so it is said. Then she went into all kinds of businesses with the money received for the factory, and prospered in all her ways.

She has now 60 steamships, and soon will have 100. She makes steel. She mines zinc, lead, and copper, and smelts them. She has flour mills, cotton mills, salt works, and celluloid works. She makes leather goods and silk goods, grows rubber, and controls a large trade in sugar and camphor.

She has offices in London, Glasgow, New York, Hong Kong, San Francisco, Seattle, Madras, Manila, Shanghai, Bombay, Vladivostok, and Melbourne, and runs banking and insurance businesses.

Her name is Mrs. Yone Suzuki, and she is probably the richest woman in the world, because she has known how to go on busily with trade while Western nations were fighting. *Portrait on page 12*

A CAPTAIN WHO KNEW GRACE DARLING

And a Man Who Drove Walt Whitman

An old man of 92, Captain James Milne of Aberdeen, has just died after a life of great adventure.

One of his most interesting experiences was the wreck of his ship near the Faroe Islands, off the Northumbrian coast. It was there that Grace Darling's father kept the lighthouse, and Captain Milne was Mr. Darling's guest for a fortnight, and heard from him the thrilling story of his daughter's heroic feat.

There has also just passed away at Nottingham a man who used to know Walt Whitman, the quaint and vigorous American poet whose spirit breathes through these democratic days. He was Walt Whitman's friend and secretary, and used to drive him in his little cart.

COMMITTEE AT THE ZOO

SHOULD THE ANIMALS BE FILMED?

What They Think About It All

A JOLLY MEETING THAT DID NOT TAKE PLACE

By Our Own Reporter Who Was Not There

It was the Ant-eater who heard about it first, and lost no time in agitating for a committee meeting.

The meeting was held at night, when there were no keepers about, and Johnny Gorilla came all the way from Brixton in a taxi to open the gates. Jungle Law was proclaimed to guard against the proceedings being interrupted by one member making a meal of the other.

The first question that arose was who should take the chair, and at last Jumbo was unanimously elected to the chair on one condition—that he did not sit in it.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the question before us is: Are we to act for the films or not?"

Swallowing a Kinema

"Let us get right to the point at once," said the Wild Pig; "what do we get out of it? Does it mean extra rations? If so, I say yes!"

"My point is," squallied Mrs. Peacock, "shall we see proofs of the pictures before they are exhibited to the public? Really, you know, some of the pictures of my tail that have been given out have been nothing short of a scandal."

"Talking of rations," put in the Bo-constrictor, "kinema-machines are very uncomfortable things to swallow."

"Don't you believe it," said the Ostrich; "I had a roll of film once, and it had quite a novel taste."

"Order," cried the chairman. "Let us see what can be said for and against the idea. To begin with, it is going to please the kiddies tremendously."

"Oh, I'm sick of you and the kiddies!" said the Camel. "You give me the hump by the way you pander to those children. I'm positive one I had on my neck last week weighed half a ton."

"Well, this kinema business doesn't mean work for us," put in Mrs. Hippo.

"The point is," said Reynard, "can we avoid appearing on the films? The only thing I can think of is to turn our backs and let them take a back view only."

Dormouse Wakes Up

"I should like to endorse Reynard's suggestion," said Porker. "If we turn our backs they can't do less than offer us something to eat to make us turn round!"

"Can anybody say what the Zoological Council was about last week?" squeaked the Dormouse; "because it seems to me they will decide without bothering about us, and I fail to see why we should not get on with our snooze."

"What does Mrs. Greyhead think?" asked the chairman, turning to the owl. "Do I understand from Old Tortoise that he is against this new departure?" queried Mrs. Owl.

"You do!" boomed old Hoary.

"Then," went on Mrs. Greyhead, "we need not trouble, for, like Mr. Hoary, the Zoological Council's opinions in matters of this sort date from the Flood. Therefore, Mr. Chairman, you may take it they will turn down the taking of films and you can dismiss the meeting."

And so the meeting closed, and Mrs. Owl was right, for the Zoo Council did turn down the film. How wise the owls are!

HURRYING UP NATURE

CAN WE HASTEN THE POWERS OF LIFE?

Scientist's Remarkable Ideas and Achievements

HELPING ON THE TADPOLE

By Our Natural Historian

A tremendous discovery has been made. We all know that the thyroid gland, whose lobes lie on each side of the larynx, discharges an important secretion into the blood, and that if this fluid fails normal children become dwarfs, idiots, or terribly mis-shapen. We know that, by treating such a patient with extract from the thyroid glands of animals, the trouble may be cured.

Now, quite suddenly, comes a rush of development from this old knowledge. Several scientists have been at work on the subject, and some startling discoveries are associated with the name of Mr. Julian Huxley, grandson of the immortal Professor Huxley. His experiments prove that the sex of tadpoles can be altered by the use of thyroid.

We must point out that the same result is attributed to a meat diet for tadpoles, but whereas meat food results in about 90 per cent. of females, thyroid is said to produce 90 per cent. of males.

Giving Youth to Worms

But the incomparable discovery is this—that the thyroid treatment rushes the tadpole through its larval stage in three weeks, instead of in the three months normally occupied in the change from tadpole to frog. That is hurrying up nature with a vengeance.

On the other hand, an American chemist, with a chemical substitute for thyroid, is reported to have restored youth to an adult worm, a worm which retained its youth for 18 generations of worms descended from another member of its own family of its own age.

A puzzling point in Mr. Huxley's discoveries is that he can convert an axolotl into a salamander by feeding it with thyroid. Now the axolotl is the tadpole stage of the salamander in Mexico, but, instead of developing into a salamander, it stops at the tadpole stage, and actually lays eggs and produces tadpoles again—as if a caterpillar produced caterpillars without reaching the butterfly stage.

A Queer Little Creature

In North America and Asia the axolotls do run the normal course, but in Mexico they do not, because life would be impossible for the salamander in the arid regions beyond the boundaries of the lake in which they flourish as water-breathers. The same is true in zoos, except where the water is slowly reduced, compelling the sluggish and contented axolotl to take oxygen from the air and so to develop lungs, in which case he comes out of the water as an air-breathing salamander. *Privation* brings that change; Mr. Huxley performs the same marvel by adding *luxury* to the axolotl's diet.

We seem to be on the verge of great discoveries. It is said that thyroid can not only cure the dwarf and the mental weakling, but can add new vitality and restore comparative youth to the adult. It makes the young frog grow up, it makes the adult young—all from a juice in an animal gland, or from a chemical compound made chiefly of iodine, which comes from burnt seaweed or salt elements in the earth.

AN OLD FRIEND FROM KIEL

HOW HE TURNED UP TO DIE AT LOWESTOFT

Alive in the Sea all Through The War

WHO ATE HIM?

An old friend has come out of the sea to die at the hands of an enemy—man.

Twenty years ago scientific men of all nations were helping each other to find out how long fish live, British, Dutch, and Germans being jointly engaged in the task.

A reminder of this has now appeared in the form of a big plaice, trawled up from the sea by a Lowestoft fishing-boat. On him the date 1904 had been stamped by the Kiel and Heligoland Fishery Commission when he had been caught somewhere in the German North Sea fishing area. Then he had been put in the sea again, so that his age and journeyings might be noted when next he should be caught.

It is not clear where the Lowestoft boat scooped him into its trawl-net, but probably it was a good distance away from the scene of his first misfortune, when he became a marked roamer through the uneasy North Sea waters.

All through the war he must have been living unharmed underseas.

The Sad Ending

From the midst of all this peril and turmoil this historic plaice, a veteran probably of full twenty years, had managed to escape, till the Lowestoft trawl scraped him into its folds, and he was once more handled, gasping, by his enemy, man, examined with a rude touch, and then, the secret of his early life having been read, he was killed with other spoils of the deep, and eaten.

Whatever stupid person killed that plaice, and whoever ate it, was consuming knowledge and romance. Surely such an old and travelled fish, carrying information on his scales, deserved a kinder fate. Either he should have been cast back into the sea for further adventures, and perchance a third discovery, or he should have been given honourable retirement in an aquarium.

Still, he has escaped from insignificance. He has made history, to a small extent, in the fishing world, and for years he will be known in books and talked about in universities.

TIMID OLD MEN

How They Throned Injustice in the Universities

FAIRNESS TO WOMEN AT LAST

At last the ancient University of Oxford is arranging to give degrees to women who have won them.

The universities, from time out of mind, have been supposed to be the homes of the wise, yet in many respects they have been slower than any other body of people in taking action that everyone but themselves has known to be wise and just. Why has that been so?

The reason is that the universities have been governed chiefly by timid old men, who live away from the busy world.

They resisted university education for women as long as they could. When they could resist no longer they allowed women to study, and to pass examinations, like men; but when the women had passed the men would not give them the degrees!

At last the good sense of the world has been too much for them, and they have had to surrender; but they have delayed so long that their conduct has become one of the worst things that history has on record against men who regard themselves as educated and wise.

But women are naturally kind, and they will forgive and forget.

CAT THAT GAVE WARNING

Pussy's Walk Along the Piano

MORE TRUE STORIES OF OUR DUMB FRIENDS

Told by C.N. Readers

A Lancashire correspondent sends the following remarkable story of a cat's sense of danger to its young.

One morning a pan was left on the gas ring in the kitchen while mother went into the breakfast-room. A little later she was disturbed by our Persian cat, Tip, coming into the room, mewing piteously, and tugging at her dress.

Finding no response to her entreaties, Tip went back to the kitchen and reappeared with her kitten in her mouth. Having put it on the hearth, she seemed at ease.

Mother then went into the kitchen and found an overpowering smell of gas. The pan had boiled over and put out the lighted gas stove, and, of course, there was a strong escape of gas into the room.

Did Tip realise that the smell of gas was a sign of something wrong, and, fearing it was dangerous, remove her kitten to a place of safety?

A MIXED FRIENDSHIP

A London reader confirms the story of a rabbit being cleaned by a friendly cat.

I have a Dutch rabbit that does not like a hutch. Every morning it runs round us and welcomes us.

Our cat, Tibby, always cleans it in the morning; then they settle down for a few hours' sleep together.

Sometimes Tibby does not want to bother with the rabbit, and when the rabbit tries to play Tibby gives it a playful tap on the head.

THE PIANO WALK

Quite a large number of our readers refer to their cats as enjoying a walk on the piano keys. A boy of Kent writes:

Our kitten, called Fluff, weighs barely a pound, though she is nearly six months old, but in spite of her small size she is very sharp.

Her delight is to listen to music. She marches up and down the keys of the piano, perking her ears to listen to the sound she makes with her feet.

DO CATS HATE WATER?

A Cheltenham reader asks this question, and answers it as follows:

Our cat Topsy always licks out plates before they are washed. When she has finished, and they are taken to be washed, she jumps on the sink, and does not seem to mind the water a bit.

PUSSY'S LOST FRIEND

A Suffolk girl writes to say:

Some people say cats have no feelings, but here is an incident that shows they have.

We had two cats that were very affectionate to each other, and would wash each other as a mother cat washes her kitten.

Then one morning one of them was found dead, and ever since its companion will not even run after a ball.

CAT AND THE MILK SHORTAGE

A Lancashire correspondent sends an incident which she thinks shows great knowingness on the part of a cat.

Our cat, Temperance, always has his saucer of milk. One day, as we hadn't much, I gave him some separated milk. He knew the difference, and the milk remained till the next day when the new milk came in. For this he sat up and begged. However, as there was some of the old milk in the saucer, I would not give him any new.

When he found I was refusing he pretended to go away, but as he passed the saucer I saw him put out his paw and tip the milk out of the saucer. Then he turned round at once and sat up again and begged for some new.

When I told mother, she said cats do not know the difference between separated milk and new. But ours does.

HURRAH

A WORKHOUSE GONE

Lewisham Shows the Way to Better Days

THE PRISON HOUSE OF THE HONEST POOR

The Lewisham workhouse has been done away with as a workhouse. It only remains a hospital for the infirm.

Those who are young today will never know the feelings of millions of people fifty years ago, and later, towards these horrible places. It was a feeling of loathing so deep that words could not express it. That one of them has ceased to be, and that all of them are going, are causes for joy in every heart.

The workhouse was the place, half

A Continent Broken Down

What is the great trouble with Europe? In a word it is that she is suffering from a nervous breakdown. The continent has been overworked.

Hardly anybody has escaped.

Europe's population is 400,000,000. There have been at war 360,000,000.

Europe is like a man who has lost an arm, for she lost in actual war:

Killed..... 10,000,000
Maimed and broken... 30,000,000

Europe, therefore, has lost the vigour of 40,000,000 men, and at this moment a large proportion of her population is in anarchy, as, for instance:

In European Russia... 130,000,000
In the Near East..... 50,000,000

A great multitude is in terrible distress. Three years have weakened the physical and moral vigour of Central Europe, representing:

In Germany... 70,000,000 people
In Austria.... 50,000,000 people

Thus we have these appalling figures:
People of Europe... 400,000,000
In dire distress..... 300,000,000
Killed..... 10,000,000

Add to these the peoples of the new States now struggling to set up governments, and we can understand the troubles that Europe is faced with now.

Those who wanted war have had it, and Europe pays.

like a prison and half like a very bad school, where men and women were put who had failed in life, no matter how hard they might have tried to succeed.

The people who found themselves there were chiefly of three kinds, each kind needing either sympathy or pity.

They were weaklings in mind, body, or character, and so deserved pity; or they were fathers and mothers with large families, poor health, and insufficient work or wages; or they were old folks who had borne life's burdens for many years and were overtaken by infirmities and the forgetfulness of mankind. So they passed sadly into these bare, hard, hopeless workhouses.

Many honest people prayed for death rather than that dreary fate, with its loss of freedom, its dull despair, its enforced humility. How, it may be asked, did people who had no fear of the workhouse bear the thought of its terrors for their fellow men and women? Well, they were used to it. Being "used to it" will dull our feeling against such cruel things as even slavery.

And so the workhouse has lived on into the twentieth century, greatly improved, but with a repulsive taint hanging about it because of its dreadful history. But now one of these workhouses has gone, and the rest are going. Hurrah!

SAVAGE CHIEFTAIN'S SURPRISE

TWELVE-YEAR-OLD WAR ENDED IN THREE WEEKS

What Has Really Happened in Somaliland

DECISIVE POWER OF THE AEROPLANE

Many people have been surprised to hear of another "little war" in Africa. It surprised even men in Parliament, although they should have known that the war now so dramatically ended was really twelve years old.

But a great surprise there is about this war, for it began when men were still dreaming of flying in the air on wings, and now the flying men have brought it to a sudden end. Little did the half-savage chieftain who rose against the civilising flag in Somaliland imagine that he would be beaten in the end by men up in the skies.

The Red Sea Gate

The world is disgusted with wars, yet the frontiers of an empire bordered by war-loving races can hardly avoid them always, and what has been going on in Somaliland for the last 12 years tells the whole story of our frontier wars.

Somaliland is an East African country, largely desert, but with watery swamps in its hollows, filled by occasional heavy rains. Its people keep flocks and herds, and move where the waters and pasturage can be found. They are fiercely Mohammedan and dislike strangers.

The country might perhaps have been left alone, but its coast, at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, commands the entrance to the Red Sea, the world's great ocean highway to India, Australia, and China, and so steps were taken to guard it.

It was Egypt that first occupied the coast, prolonging its Sudan territory, and the country passed to Great Britain as the chief guardian of the sea-route.

Rise of the Mullah

But the Somali people living inland remained suspicious and hostile, and our hold of the coast was guarded by a belt of friendly tribes who divided the coast towns from the inner country.

Then there arose, nearly 20 years ago, a Mohammedan leader who persuaded the inland Somalis that he was a prophet come to sweep the infidel intruders from the land. That kind of man is known in Mohammedan countries as a Mullah. We call him mad, his followers believe him to be holy, and he himself believes he is God's servant born to conquer infidel Christians.

The Mad Mullah's attacks were first on our friends, and we, of course, supported them. But at last we withdrew to the coast, and left him master of most of the interior.

During the Great War we heard nothing of the Mad Mullah, because we were too busy with more important troubles. But he had been busy, too, attacking and cruelly using our friends.

Finished at Last

But, the Great War being finished, the British officer in British Somaliland, without asking for any British soldiers except a squadron of airmen, and using only Indian troops, a regiment of negroes from West Africa, and Somali friendlies, has in a three-weeks' advance apparently completed the defeat of the Mullah and broken his power, without the loss of a single life on our side.

The air squadron has done what British armies in the past always failed to do. It has not only routed the Somalis who were holding the Mullah's forts and camps, but has followed the terrified fugitives as they fled across their deserts to remote hiding places, and gave them no chance of rallying.

Terrible as is air-fighting, it is merciful in this place, for it has finished a war that has dragged on for 12 years.

RINGS ROUND A WORLD

Saturn and His Wonderful Moons

ASTOUNDING JOURNEY OF A RAY OF LIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

That most beautiful and wonderful planet Saturn is now in the high heavens. About 9 o'clock he will be found almost due east of Jupiter.

Saturn is about as far to the left of Jupiter as Jupiter is to the left of Pollux, the lower star of the Twins; but between Jupiter and Saturn, in line with them, is the bright star Regulus, almost as bright as Saturn. Saturn is to the east of Regulus, and, though almost at his nearest to us, is not nearly so bright as he has been of recent years.

This singular circumstance is not really Saturn's fault at all; it is due to his surroundings, the beautiful rings of light that encircle him. Just now these appear to be closing up, and from our point of view in space are getting to look like a penny seen almost edgewise, as shown in our picture; and every week they seem to close up a little more, until by November they will vanish altogether for a week or two.

Puzzle for Galileo

It was this astounding phenomenon that caused so much perplexity to astronomers in the early days of the telescope, so that Galileo, who first saw these rings of Saturn disappear, asked "whether Saturn had devoured his children according to the legend." Not until 1655 did Huygens solve the problem, 45 years after their discovery.

It is easy to understand that when we see the rings sideways, almost like a halo round the planet, then the amount of light is almost doubled, and therefore Saturn appears much brighter to the naked eye.

Everyone is familiar with the picture of these luminous flat rings, shown as seen in a telescope, and it seems difficult to believe that things so solid-looking are really composed of myriads of little moons and minute bodies, all pursuing their endless orbit about the giant globe of Saturn, 220,000 miles round.

Sunlight's Journey

Yet so it is. It has been proved by analysis that the light of Saturn's rings is reflected sunlight, given off from solid and not gaseous bodies.

Think of the vast distance this sunlight has traversed before it reaches our eyes as we glance up at Saturn's soft radiance. Those rays travelled 806 million miles from the Sun to Saturn, and, after lighting up the planet and his rings, sped another 780 million miles back to our Earth. After having travelled altogether 1666 million miles these rays help to light our sky 2½ hours after they left the Sun, and about 70 minutes after they left Saturn.

The diameter of these rings, right across, is 172,000 miles, so that their outer edge is about 53,000 miles above the surface of Saturn, less than a quarter the distance that our Moon is away from us.

The Great Shadow

Of the exact texture of these rings we cannot be certain, but it appears that the inner and nearer portion probably consists of small moons in multitudes, but each individually visible to an observer on Saturn. Beyond would be the stupendous mass of whirling particles, the whole forming great bands of light, with the sky showing through as dark rifts here and there where the moons were few. These rifts can be seen from the Earth, together with the arch of shade caused by the shadow of Saturn eclipsing a part of the rings.

An observer just underneath the rings would see but a narrow streak across the sky, for the rings are extremely thin, barely 100 miles thick, so that—as in most things—much depends on the point of view. G. F. M.

GORILLA GOLIATH

Like a Man Nine Feet High

TERRIBLE CREATURE IN A CONGO FOREST

The greatest gorilla that has ever been seen has been killed in the forest of Bambio in the Congo.

It was a monster nine feet high, weighing over a quarter of a ton, and its strength must have been prodigious. Such an animal could tear a man in two as easily as you can tear this paper, and it is not surprising that the natives, after they had killed him, held a great feast of rejoicing.

Gorillas do immense damage to crops, and when the natives organise expeditions to hunt them it is rarely that they return without leaving several of their number behind.

Du Chaillu was not believed when he came back from Africa, more than half a century ago, reporting that he had seen monkeys as large as men; but here is one nearly twice as big as the largest he ever saw.

A full-grown living gorilla has never been seen in Europe, as the creature cannot be captured alive. Most of the young ones die soon after capture; but, as readers of the Children's Newspaper know, there is a young specimen, Johnny Gorilla, living in London at the present time. Photograph on page one

WONDER WEATHER

America, Europe, and Palestine

AN AMAZING FEBRUARY

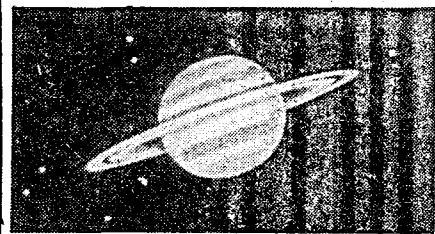
Talk about the weather must be as changeable as the wind; no one is sure what will happen from hour to hour, much less from week to week, but one point about the weather till February was far gone was very curious.

Often it is said that we get our weather from the United States; but that was quite contradicted in February.

In Great Britain the weather was very mild. Trees were budding, and blossoms were bursting into glorious colour in the South, while owners of orchards trembled at the fear of future frosts; but in New York the streets were impassable with masses of snow and ice.

In London last month was the warmest February for 70 years; in Palestine it was the coldest February in memory; over three feet of snow fell in Jerusalem.

If men ever get too conceited about their own doings one simple fact is enough to humble them. A heavy fall of snow masters them. They cannot



How Saturn looks now. See first column

clear it away in ten times the hours in which it fell. Do what they will, they must wait for the sun to defeat the frosts.

There is no city in the world prouder of itself than New York, but while England watched the buds burst New York had snows, which so stopped her street traffic that she could only with difficulty distribute the people's food.

For once the weather has not been made in America—but, who knows? By the time this is read American samples may once more be with us!

IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A Worcester jug	£178
A copy of Fénelon's Telemachus	£165
An old water clock	£135
A goose egg sold for charity	£29

TALES OF THE BIRDS

Canary that Sings to Music

SPARROWS THAT LIVE & LEARN

True Stories Told by Our Readers

A Liverpool reader has a canary that is fond of the piano. She says:

If a fairly high piece is being played on the piano, Dicky will sing to it beautifully.

At night, when his cage is covered up to protect him from draughts, if I begin to play one of my pieces, he will tug at the muslin from inside the cage to be allowed to see, and when the cover is drawn back he will stand still on his perch, listening attentively.

OWLS AND THEIR BABY

A Southampton boy says:

We caught a baby owl that had fallen from its nest and was half dead. At night we put it in a hamper by the open window.

In the night the owls came round the house, and in the morning the young owl was gone. The parents had fetched it away, and a few days afterwards we saw it again.

A SAUCY JACKDAW

A Pendleton lassie describes their jackdaw, which is more mischievous than mannerly.

He is a very saucy bird. He makes you laugh when he takes his daily bath, but sometimes he is lazy and insists on having it inside, and if you push him out where the bath is, he turns obstinate and will not bathe at all, but knocks at the door till you let him in.

His perch is the back of a chair, but he comes to the fire on cold days. When thirsty he goes to the pantry tap and flutters till you give him a drink.

BIRD THAT LOVES ITS CAGE

An Essex reader has a canary that prefers its cage to liberty.

My pet is a canary from Malta. When his cage door is opened he will fly out into the scullery and chirp till I get him a saucer to have a bath in.

When he has had his bath, he will fly straight into his cage if the door is open, or move it open with his beak or foot; but if he cannot do that he will cling to the side.

KNOWING SPARROWS

A South Wales correspondent describes the way in which sparrows contrive to steal corn.

Our fowls feed from a patent feeder. It consists of a tank with a rod at the bottom, which has attached to its lower end a gauze cylinder filled with corn. The fowls see the corn in the cylinder, and peck at it. This causes it to revolve on the rod, and in turning a valve is opened that lets out corn from the tank at the top.

The sparrows see the fowls doing this, and have devised a means of opening the valve. They perch on the gauze cylinder, and then fly off, and the kick they give as they go is sufficient to turn the cylinder an inch or two, so opening the valve and letting out corn!

TRUSTFUL ROBIN

A Teddington girl describes how she and her mother are followed about closely by a robin, which they feed, and which knows and trusts them.

A CURIOUS NESTING-PLACE

A Welsh boy, who says he always speaks his native language at home, tells of a curious choice of a nesting place by a pair of crows.

Lying in bed one morning I chanced to look at the chimney of the opposite house, and there saw two crows building a nest on the top.

One flew off, and left the other placing the sticks that were there in order. Then it flew away also, and the other returned with a stick in its beak. After a time it departed, and the first crow came back with a twig. As they were journeying backward and forward another crow came and began to make mischief, but the owners drove it away and continued building their nest.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

FAMOUS BOOK WRITTEN IN BED

Mazzini, the Patriot of Italy

MILLIONAIRE WHO BUILT 20,000 HOMES

- March 7. John Richard Green died, Mentone 1883
8. French defeated at Aboukir 1801
9. Snow fell in Rome first time for 240 years 1834
10. Mazzini, Italian patriot, died at Pisa . . . 1872
11. Benjamin West, painter, died in London. 1820
12. George Peabody gave homes for the poor 1862
13. Planet Uranus discovered 1781

John Richard Green

Two men, more than others, made the reading of English history a pleasure. One was Lord Macaulay and the other John Richard Green.

Green was born and educated at Oxford, the modern home of historical research. After some years of devoted service as an East-end clergyman, he gave his life to the writing of history.

His aim was to sketch our country's history as it mattered to the whole of the people, and not specially as it affected kings and courtiers.

As he knew his life would be short, for he was consumptive, the historian first mapped out a rapid outline called "A Short History of the English People," and then filled in the earlier parts completely before he died in 1883.

He dictated much of his great story, which has found its way wherever the English tongue is spoken, to his wife as he lay on his death-bed.

Green's History is like a series of pictures in words, each picture being grouped around some important movement that greatly influenced the people of the British Isles, and his treatment robbed the subject of any dullness.

Joseph Mazzini

JOSEPH—in Italian, Giuseppe—Mazzini, is one of four modern Italians who have their statues in numerous Italian towns. The others, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, were all of his generation. Of the four Mazzini was the greatest man.

Born on June 22, 1805, in Genoa, the city that is now his honoured resting-place, he became by profession an advocate, but early dedicated his life to the task of securing the independence and the unity of Italy. First it was necessary to drive out the intruding Austrians, and next to bring all Italy under one government. Those aims have now been won.

What he did was to rouse the Italian people to rebellion, and urge on them the need of being united as well as free. Driven from Italy to Switzerland, and from Switzerland to England, he never ceased to work for his country's freedom.

At the same time, in his book "The Duties of Man," he set before his countrymen and all nations a lofty aim of personal and national brotherhood.

George Peabody

AMERICA is the land of millionaires, and many people now find great fault with millionaires; but there is no country where men who have become very rich have used their money to such splendid public advantage as in America. One of these public-minded American millionaires was George Peabody, who founded the Peabody buildings for providing homes for 20,000 London workers.

George Peabody was a working lad, who made his way step by step till he became a merchant and financier. At the age of 11 he worked in a grocer's shop, and at 15 he was an assistant in a haberdashery business. At 19 he was a partner in a drapery shop, and he was the head of a large store when 34. Later he came to London.

During his life-time he gave away one and a half million pounds, all on wisely thought-out plans. Much was spent on the place where he was born, in Massachusetts, and he gave half a million for better houses for London workers.

He died on November 4, 1869. To his credit be it said that he would not accept any honours for his kind deeds.

THE TRAMP OF THE TRAPPERS IN SEARCH OF FINE COATS

ALL along the cold, frozen North within the Arctic circle the hunters and trappers are setting out to catch the fur-bearing animals before they begin to shed their winter coats for the lighter dress of summer. Their fine coats are to be taken from them, that is to say, along with their lives, so that men and women can wear them.

This is the best time for the traders to catch the animals, and all over Alaska, Canada, Siberia, and Kamchatka, we should see, if we could look down from an aeroplane and had eyes as keen as an eagle's, men going out singly or in groups

to set their gins and snares for the sables, foxes, and ermines, and to arrange pitfalls for the wolves and bears—all this well-thought-out plan of slaughter to make a fine coat!

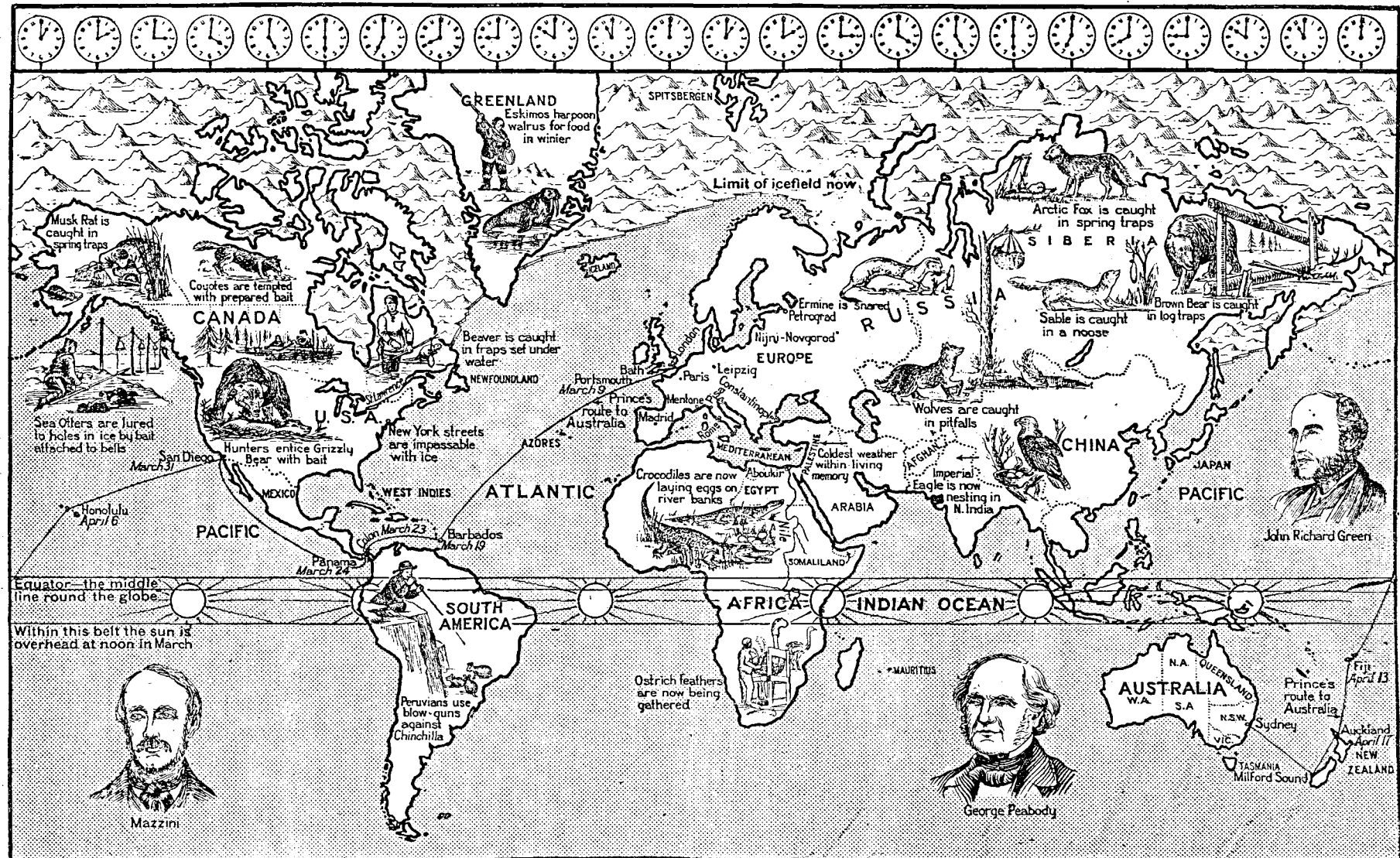
The trapper has always been the foremost traveller in the cold North. He goes first, and is followed by the trader, the farmer, and the town-builder. It is said that the fine sable skins that come from certain districts of Siberia first caused the Russians to set covetous eyes on that great province, and finally to conquer it for their empire. The trapper's life is one of great hardship and priva-

tion, and very little of the enormous sums obtained for rare furs in the markets of Europe and America ever finds its way into the hands of the man who has risked his comfort and his life to get the furs.

The utmost ingenuity of man is taxed in inventing ways of catching the coveted fur animals, for they are very wily; and in the case of the coyote, the prairie wolf of Texas and Mexico, the cleverest traps fail, and the only way to get the animal is the pitiful way of spreading a poisoned bait in its familiar haunts. In Siberia a dead kid is hung in a

basket as a bait over a great pit, and the wolves spring up for this and then fall into the pit. Bears, too, are caught in pits, though sometimes by means of traps in which heavy beams are arranged so as to fall on the creature's head and kill it quickly.

For some of the animals, like beavers, the traps often have to be set under water, and the musquash is caught in a snap-up trap, very much like the rat-traps in use in our houses. In the Andes of Peru the little chinchilla is shot by means of a dart blown out of a tube, and the natives are expert in using this.



PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING THE TRAPPERS AT WORK IN THE FROZEN NORTH & THE PRINCE'S ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA

THE OWL'S TEA-TABLE

A Friend of Ours Justified

We have always championed the barn-door owl against those libellers who, without knowing anything of his habits and tastes, declared him to be nothing less than vermin, a slaughterer of young birds, and a nuisance to the farmer generally. Now a precise study has been made of the barn-door owl's diet, and it proves him to be a veritable ally of the farmer in his fight against the mice and voles which ravage his fields. The diet reads:

75 per cent. injurious insects.
68.5 per cent. mice and voles.
9.5 per cent. house sparrows, starlings and blackbirds.
9 per cent. shrew mice.
4.5 per cent. small birds.
1 per cent. neutral insects.

Surely, however sorry we may be, we can forgive the owl his 4.5 per cent. of small birds, if only because of the 68.5 of mice and voles?

POOR IRELAND

Ireland is so prosperous that it is said to have £140,000,000 on deposit in its banks, waiting to be invested in business.

A FRIEND OF PAUL

A British Lady Mentioned in the Bible

Ask the next thousand people you meet if they can tell you the name of a British lady mentioned in the Bible. We dare almost offer a prize for the first answer "Yes."

All readers of this month's issue of My Magazine will know the name of this lady, for it is there told in an article by the Editor of the Children's Newspaper on "How They Brought the Good News from Galilee."

We read there that it is possible for a visitor to Rome to stand today in the house of this friend of Paul, who went to Rome from Britain. Paul greets her in his letters, and her praises as an English matron in Rome were sung in English poetry 18 centuries ago.

THE KING'S FIRST BUS

The King has just been in his first bus. It was the famous bus with five years' war service—Ole Bill, as it is called—now running from Willesden to Old Ford. The bus was driven to Buckingham Palace for the King's inspection.

ONE MASTER, TWO BOYS

Smallest School in the Land

How would you like to be one of two boys who have a schoolmaster all to themselves?

A school of that size has been open during the winter at Invermark, Glenesk, in Forfarshire, and now is being closed altogether. What chances those boys had of "getting on"!

And what, we wonder, did the teacher do when one was late and the other played truant—though they look too wise, these little men, to do either of these things. You can see them with their schoolmaster, on page 12.

WHAT NATIONS OWE US

Money Lent for the War

Britain lent to her allies for the war over 1600 million pounds, made up thus:

Russia	£568,000,000
France	£470,500,000
Italy	£470,000,000
Belgium	£86,500,000
Other Allies	£71,000,000

In addition, she has lent over 21 millions for reconstruction in the peace.

HOW DID THE DOG KNOW?

Terrier on the Underground

A London lady owning a fox-terrier is asking people to explain how her dog found its way home by the Underground.

She lost him in the crowd at High Street Kensington Station. At Notting Hill Gate Station she alighted, and returned to High Street Kensington, where the train had started without him.

There she found that a porter had had him in charge, but he had escaped and entered a Baker Street train on his own account. She followed by train to Baker Street, but did not find him, yet when she got home he was there! How did he know when to leave the train? she asks. Did he know the words "Baker Street"?

It was clever of him to use the Underground so well. Photograph on page 12

Pronunciations in this Paper

Aubusson	Oh-boo-song
Axolotl	Ax-oh-lot-tel
Huygens	Hi-genz
Mazzini	Mat-zee-nee

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 6 1920

Two Young Men

OUR Prince will soon be on his way across the earth, and a great time he will have. Who would not like to go with him?

He leaves behind him a whole nation that wishes him well, for he stands for our young manhood; he is marching to that great future that awaits the race that has spread through the world from these islands.

But he leaves behind him, in particular, one young man, a poor cousin on a holiday in Holland; and the world may well be interested in this spectacle of two young men, sprung from one ancient stock, who stand now with so wide a gulf between.

Prince Charming stands, in this age of Youth, for the joy and pride of a world that is young. If God and our people will, he may lead us on till these islands ring with the sound of Merrie England once again.

He will see our troubles pass, he will see our workhouses fall down, our prisons shut up one by one, our drinkshops cease to be the shame they are, our factories hum to the tune of honest toil. He will see our swords turned into ploughshares and our country like a garden, and these great kindred nations round the world bound to us closer than a brother by ties that distance cannot break.

With such a vision he looks forward on his journey overseas, and with him as he goes he takes the goodwill of mankind. Proud, happy Prince, with the blood of Alfred running in his veins, and in his dreams a throne built with a people's love.

And there, moping in Holland as Prince Charming sails away, lies his poor cousin so low. What is he? Who is he? He is the Clown Prince of Germany, the feeble son of William Hohenzollern, murderer of ten million men.

It is said this young man invented a cuff-link, and to see him is to believe it, for he looks as if his brain might rise to that. But we know he willed the war, with all the other Junkers round him, for he used to clap his hands in the German Parliament when the hymn of hate was sung. He would steal a silver cup as readily as he would steal away the freedom of a nation.

And there he lies, despised by the world and rejected by his people, an unwanted guest in a foreign land, the contempt of all observers, a cardboard warrior looking like a man, playing with his broken sword.

Two young men, cousins sprung from one ancient race, and what is the difference between them? Every boy on earth can see it. One has the stuff of manhood in him, and one is a poor fool. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Cuckoo

THE boys are early with their cuckooing this year. It is now a fortnight since somebody from Weymouth wrote to a London paper that they had heard a cuckoo calling.

Of course they did not hear the cuckoo; what they heard was this



little man, whom we reproduce from last year. He is the only sort of cuckoo heard in February.

Odd

It is odd how all sorts and conditions of people, when asked what their religion is, will say Church of England without meaning anything at all; but very odd was that case of the brother of a man drowned in the Oxford Canal. It was said that he was blown into the water by the wind. This little dialogue took place between the coroner and the drowned man's brother.

Coroner: Was he a temperate man?

Brother: No; Church of England.

Happily, the character of the Church of England is in no need of a testimonial, and it does not follow at all that a man belongs to the Established Church because he is not temperate!

The nation is worth nothing which does not joyfully stake all on its honour.

Six Days Shalt Thou Labour

THE Children's Newspaper believes in a day of rest for all mankind, and it loves our quiet Sunday. But it likes that admirable speech of the Bishop of Chelmsford, who reminds us that the commandment which bids us rest on one day bids us labour well on six days. Said the bishop:

If we followed the Bible there would be no idle rich and no loafing poor. No man capable of doing first-rate work can do second-rate work without becoming a second-rate man.

That is well and nobly said, and the great tragedy of the world in these days is that so many are doing second-rate work and not realising that they are fast becoming second-rate men.

Six days shalt thou labour—there is the salvation of Europe in that.

A Prayer for the Sorrowful

BRING unto the sorrowful
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy,
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine today!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The Miracle

CAN anyone ever doubt miracles who sees a minister living on his salary fixed ten years ago, and keeping out of debt?

The Ruler of the Battlefield

OUR bright little contemporary the Daily Mail, writing of a new book by a tank officer, suggests that a new era of war has arrived, and that petrol-driven machines will be the ruler of the battlefield. Old men will fight for the old way, it says, but the young men will have the new way.

We do not agree with the Daily Mail. We stand for the young men—and the young women—and they have decided that the ruler of the battlefield shall be the League of Nations.

Tip-Cat

THE House is sitting again, as usual. Why not get up and do something?

ORDER of the Day: March.

WHAT the mine-owners will say when the mines are nationalised: Mine is yours.

ACCORDING to a doctor, it is possible to make a Grecian nose out of an aquiline one. But few would have the face to do it.

SCRATCH players: Gramophone needles.

CAPTAIN SWINTON suggests we should sell the air-space over London. But we had better nationalise the moon first.

THE burning question is what to burn.

AIR is still free, but it costs so much more to be able to breathe.

NINE tailors may make a man, but one can break him.

CAPITAL and Labour are asked to pull together. Judging by the leg of the Public they are doing so.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins, When a war's over the trouble begins.

Freedom for the British Museum

THE Government has come to a tremendous decision. The British Museum is to be set free for the nation, and the intruding Government Departments will no longer be allowed to keep the people from their treasures.

Everybody will be glad, but would it not be well if it could be arranged that the Government official who has been responsible for housing a lot of clerks in the British Museum all these years could be left in the Museum as an immortal monument of dullness?



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW
If the March winds
could not blow the
Profiteers away

The Broken Thread

By Harold Begbie

The Profiteer has raised the price of cotton to tenpence a reel, and we commend this song to the millionaires who do these things.

Not since Hood wrote the Song of the Shirt has the poor needlewoman been so cruelly sacrificed on the altar of human greed.

In the falling gloom of a sunless room,

An attic black and bare,
A spectre stands with strangling hands

Beside a woman's chair,
A woman who sews our children's clothes

In hunger and despair.

In the failing light and the fear of night

She sits with needle and thread,
Sewing for life in the endless strife

That wins a crust of bread.
And her fingers burn as they twist and turn,

And her eyes are like the dead.

SHE has given five sons to the Prussian guns,

And her widowed head is grey;
She is all alone in a world of stone

That crushes her night and day;
With groan and sigh she asks God why

His love has passed away.

O CHRIST, that eyes should cease to see,

And hearts should cease to feel;
That men should go on their way as though

No God were at Time's wheel;
She sees draw near this final fear:
THE RISING COST OF THE REEL!

THERE was a time when field and sky

To her glad heart were dear;
But now she has no eyes to see
Sweet nature's moving year,

For in her heart the sun has set
On everything but Fear.

I'd rather lie where beggars die

Or starve, as she, than reign
Where splendour springs for the Cotton Kings

From the heart of human pain,
And the master thought of the souls is sought

On the blood-red fields of gain.

THE sins of men that make agen
The wounds of Christ to bleed

Are dressed in pride and trample wide
On human creatures' need,
Love's driven forth from Paradise

By the flaming sword of Greed.

STITCH, widow, stitch the shroud of the Rich

Who foul God's holy place,
Sew the last robe that on this globe
Shall wrap mankind's Disgrace.

Prick 'Death' across the Tyrant's brow
And free the human race.

GOD gave a thread into our hands
To weave a world of bliss,

A world to catch a smile of Love
And take the angel's kiss.

O broken thread! O blood-stained thread!
And we have woven THIS!

WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD AUSTRALIA

ROMANTIC DISCOVERY

Cotton Growing Wild in the Desert

VETERAN EXPLORER'S STORY

The profiteer has raised the price of cotton to tenpence a reel, yet cotton is growing wild in Australia.

Cotton in Australia? It is not included in her crops. She grows all sorts of cereals and pulse, flax, hemp, tobacco, turnips, cabbages, sugar-beet, and fruits galore, but not an ounce of cotton do we find in the list of her productions. But it is there, growing wild, waiting for the harvest, in what has always been regarded as uninhabitable desert.

We know it is there because a *little bird has told us*. Little birds have carried the seeds from cotton-growing lands beyond the borders of the island continent, have flown with undigested seeds in their crops, or adhering to their beaks and claws and feathers, and the seeds, carried into the desert areas of the great Northern Territory, have fallen on fruitful soil.

Unveiling the Great Lone Land

It is not desert where this cotton springs, but good land, with water just beneath it, easily tapped by wells. That is characteristic of Australia, which, dry and arid on top in many parts, has beneath its soil perhaps the greatest underground water system in the world.

We owe the discovery of this wealth in the wilderness to a man of whom this generation knows too little, but who will tower high in the history of his native land, Mr. David Lindsay. He it was who learned what the little bird had to tell. A veteran of 65, the Australian-born son of a tough Scottish master mariner, Mr. Lindsay inherited his father's passion for adventure, and since he was 16 he has been engaged, almost without a break, in penetrating the mysteries of his great lone land.

The Livingstone of Australia

He has banished many of them, and contributed enormously to the wealth of the continent. He has done as great things for Australia, we may say, as Livingstone did for Africa.

He has always been venturing into the unknown. He explored Arnhem Land in the Northern Territory, which had remained unknown since the Dutch navigators discovered it 300 years ago.

He worked his way from South Australia up to the Gulf of Carpentaria in the north. Then, accompanied only by a little savage boy, he rode down the whole continent from extreme north to extreme south, a magnificent feat of endurance. Sixteen of his horses starved to death, and he had for the last three weeks to live solely on the dried flesh of his dead steeds.

Great March of Camels

When he came to explore the great Victoria district he trusted to camels, finding that one camel could do the work of a whole team of oxen.

That was a memorable march for Australia, for Mr. Lindsay's scientific training enabled him to detect the presence of deposits of precious metal; and, basing their expectations on his reports, pioneers went out in his steps and discovered the great goldfields of the western side of the continent.

Neither terrors of travel, perils from natives, nor the horrors of thirst and

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are four million telephone calls a day in New York, just double the number of pre-war days.

Over 2000 ships passed through the Panama Canal in 12 months—860 from the Atlantic, and 1165 from the Pacific.

Food from the Allotments

There are about 1,750,000 allotments in England and Wales, and the food they produced last year was 1,270,000 tons.

Poverty in the Church

Two London churches are so poor that they have applied for permission to sell their valuable Communion plate.

Death in a Submarine Wreck

Two men have been killed by fumes from decomposing food in the German submarine washed ashore at Hastings.

Switzerland Behind the Times

In the two chief cantons of Switzerland, Basle and Zurich, the proposal to give votes to women has been defeated.

A New York shorthand writer has just beaten all records by writing at the rate of 322 words a minute.

It is not widely known that parents neglecting to provide spectacles for children who need them can be fined £25.

Home Sweet Home

An old lady of ninety has just died at Sunningdale, where she had been a school teacher, who in her long life had never once left the parish.

Foreign London

"I do not think I have heard the English tongue spoken once this morning," said a London magistrate, whose court is in the centre of the East End.

Ginevra Again

We mentioned the other day a pedlar who had died through the lid of a box being closed while he was sleeping in it. Now comes a case from Warsaw of a burglar who was suffocated in a safe he was robbing, the door having closed.

Women's Monument to Napoleon's Conqueror



The great Achilles monument to Wellington, near the Piccadilly corner of Hyde Park, has just been cleaned. It was erected by the women of England in honour of Napoleon's conqueror.

starvation could turn this indomitable adventurer from his path. During one trip across the continent he saw only three showers of rain in thirteen months, and what he could do with a few camels he proved that he could do with many.

He marched a host of them from Port Augusta, in South Australia, to Coolgardie, the gold mining centre, there to help the miners to prosperity, in spite of protests to the Government by bullock-owning carriers, who could not compete in time of drought with the camels.

For 45 years Mr. Lindsay has been helping to make unknown Australia known, to help to develop her resources and make new homes for men. But he, like all friends of the Commonwealth, realises that gold-mining will not make Australia great. Gold mines become exhausted; the men who work them go

out for a little time, work hard, live hard, make their fortune if they can, and return to the Motherland.

What Australia needs is population, which she can secure only by attaching colonists to the soil. So Mr. Lindsay has always been seeking new lands for cultivation.

Unsuspected, the birds have been making gardens in the wilderness for him to reveal. They have been carrying and sowing cotton in a cottonless land. As far as 200 miles inland the birds and seed-bearing winds have planted the wilderness.

They have set up sign-posts, as it were, and far and wide, where these little feathered pioneers have been, there is agricultural and pastoral land in plenty for cotton, one of our greatest needs, and for men with their herds and flocks.

MAN WHO WALKED PAST THE NORTH POLE ICY TOP OF THE EARTH

Admiral Peary and His Exploration Feats

LITTLE GIRL BORN IN A SIX-MONTH NIGHT

The grave has closed over the man who crowned the quest of ages. Admiral Peary has died peacefully in his bed at the age of 63, nearly 11 years after discovering the North Pole.

The cruel White North is littered with the bones of hundreds of valiant souls who sought the Pole in vain; the man who found it, who first stood there, has died in his bed.

Men have been seeking the Farthest North for a thousand years, and America was first sighted by an Arctic exploring party 860 years before Admiral Peary was born. In later days our Elizabethan seamen used to drive tiny ships up north, seeking a short trip to China, with matter-of-fact instructions to "take in the North Pole" on their way. No place on the earth's surface has claimed so many lives as this Pole.

Black and White at the Pole

Peary gave half his life to finding it, and during the 23 years preceding his triumph he actually lived in the Arctic for 12 years. He was defeated again and again. He suffered all that a man who lived to tell the tale could suffer.

Again and again he was starving, and had to eat his dogs, even his harness. Once he was saved from death by coming upon food left 15 years before. He persevered, always learning, always stiffening his resolve. One frightful attack of frost-bite deprived him of seven of his toes, but he marched faster and farther than ever at his next attempt, and his eighth expedition was a glittering triumph.

Little by little he reduced the supporting parties by which he was accompanied, and finally he reached the Pole with only a negro companion. The long-sought goal was reached on April 1, 1909, without his knowing it.

How the Pole was Found

He had gone on beneath a leaden sky, until suddenly there came a rift in the clouds, and he was able to make an observation from the sun. *He had marched past the Pole!* The first man to reach the Pole after all the centuries walked past it not knowing.

He turned back and marched east for eight miles, and again he overshot the mark! To make sure at last he crossed the Pole five times, and then, driving a hole through fissured ice, he let down a lead. The rope went down 9000 feet, and still the bottom was not reached. The North Pole is ice on an abysmal sea.

During one of his trips Peary was accompanied by his wife, and there, in the Arctic, hundreds of miles north of civilisation, a little girl was born to them. She opened her eyes on the last day of summer, and then, day and night for the next six months, there was the darkness of the long Arctic night.

Grasping a Sunbeam

Summer returned, and a sunbeam entered the room. The child tried to grasp it, thinking it was a toy! Then came six months of sunshine, day and night, and little Marie Peary developed, body and mind, says her father, as much as she would have done during twelve months in ordinary conditions at home.

Triumph bravely fought for rewarded this fine American, and it is pleasant to reflect that a prime element in his success was the help of the Eskimos. He knew them for a quarter of a century; he treated them with good faith and never wronged them; and in their gratitude they assisted him, as none others could, to attain the greatest prize in the whole realm of exploration.

SHAKESPEARE'S VICTORY

OLD ENEMY'S CHILDREN BRING TRIBUTE

Flowers from Charlecote for the Poacher's Garden

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF TIME'S GLORY

When Shakespeare was a young man in London, after he had left his country home in the sweet meadow-lands of Stratford-on-Avon, he set himself the task of writing verse to show that he could make music with words as well as any of the clever "University wits" who were then busy with their pens in town.

And some of the fine stanzas he wrote told of Time's victorious doings, Old Time, whom all the poets love to picture, Time's glory is to calm contending kings, To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,

he wrote, adding many other examples. But, with all his fine imaginings, he did not think of anything prettier than something which has happened to himself, or, rather, to his memory, while Time Turns the busy round of Fortune's wheel.

We do not know much definitely of Shakespeare's life. There are not many facts set down with certainty by those who looked on, but there is much tradition passed by word-of-mouth, and some of it is confirmed in the poet's writings.

Under the Greenwood Tree

Tradition says that, as a young man, Shakespeare was fond of being out by night under the greenwood tree; and his writings show us that it was very likely true. Tradition even says he was known to poach the hares and deer of Charlecote Park, close by Stratford, and that he was punished for it by the owner of the park, Sir Thomas Lucy, Justice of the Peace. It is sometimes suggested that this was the reason why Shakespeare left Stratford for London.

Anyhow, it is quite certain from his writings that he made fun more than once of Sir Thomas Lucy in the guise of a foolish old country magistrate, whom he called Mr. Justice Shallow, describing him so that the name of Lucy fits him like a glove.

With the rough humour of those days, he wrote a rather coarse verse about Sir Thomas Lucy and pinned it on the gate of the park, a galling thing for a proud but stupid country squire whose wits were not nimble enough to deal with a man of brilliant brain like Shakespeare.

Flowers End an Old Feud

Also, the poet came back to Stratford in his middle age, when he had grown rich, and set up as a famous gentleman from London. Clearly, William Shakespeare had the best of that neighbours' quarrel, even during his lifetime; and more remained to follow when his body had lain 314 years in the old church beside the sweet, smooth-flowing Avon.

Then all the world that made pilgrimage to Shakespeare's grave, and visited the little grammar school he attended as a boy, and took photographs of the house he built, asked why we should not make his old garden as he would love to see it if he were alive—full of the old English flowers he knew and mentioned joyously in his writings.

Everyone felt it was a happy thought, and among those who felt it truly were the Lucy family, still living in Charlecote Park. So they have just made a collection of the roots of old English flowers from their old garden, and sent them along to the new Shakespeare garden, a tribute to the greatness their ancestor did not recognise. Thus they have closed the quarrel, and made fine amends.

If only the poet knew, and could add to his list of Time's glories, he would admit that one of them is to wear out all quarrels, and sink them in forgetfulness when the wronger has done right.

How to Walk With Your Eyes Open

CHIEF SCOUT'S ADVICE TO SCOUTS & GUIDES

The Stout Old Gentleman and His Cob and the Poor Man and His Walnuts

THE LITTLE SIGNS THAT MAY MEAN MUCH

By SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL

Some of the practices the Scouts and Guides go in for can be carried out by any boys and girls, even if they do not wear a uniform or belong to a troop; and there is a lot of fun, as well as useful training, to be got out of them.

For instance, Scouts rely on their ability to notice small things, and to put two and two together. If you are in the country you should notice landmarks—objects which help you to find your way or prevent you from getting lost—such as distant hills, church towers, peculiar buildings, trees, gates, rocks, and so on.

And remember, in noticing such landmarks, that you may want to use your knowledge of them some day for telling someone else how to find his way, so that you should notice them pretty closely to be able to describe them in their proper order. You should notice and remember every by-road and footpath.

Then you should also notice smaller signs, such as birds getting up and flying hurriedly, which means that somebody, or some animal, is there. Dust means that animals, men, or vehicles are moving.

Natural Detectives

Of course, you should notice all passers-by very carefully—how they are dressed, and what their faces are like. Notice all tracks, too—that is, the marks of men, animals, birds, and wheels—for from these you may read most important information. The most successful detectives owe their success to noticing small signs. Scouts are natural detectives, and never let details escape them.

Here is a little exercise which I once carried out in observing a sign and reading the meaning of it.

On the road were the tracks of two horses, side by side. The one on the near side was evidently of ordinary size, judging by the size of its hoofs and the length of its stride. The one on the off-side was evidently a cob of smaller build, but stout, for the hoof-prints gave a wider track and a shorter stride than the horse. The cob was also getting lame, one foot making a shorter stride than the others and not treading so heavily.

Thinking it Out

From the fact that the cob was lame it was probable that nobody was riding it, and from its moving with another horse on that horse's off-side it was probable that it was being led by a man on the horse; and he would be holding his own reins in his left hand and would lead a led horse with his right. Then the lame foot was shod differently from the others, with a shoe which was evidently intended to give relief to an injury at the heel, so that the cob had been lame for some time.

From these signs I made out that the cob belonged to a stout old gentleman who had begun life as a poor man, but was now well-off. Can you make that out, too, or have you a better explanation? This, at any rate, is how I arrived at my conclusions.

The cob was probably owned by a stout old man because ladies do not, as a rule, ride stout cobs; nor do young, thin, light men. Then he was well-to-do because he could afford to keep a groom to take his cob out to exercise, who could ride another horse in doing so. But he had not been well-off as a young man because he evidently liked to keep on this cob, in spite of its having gone lame, and had had it shod and exercised in the hope of its getting sound again. Had he been a good horseman, who learned his riding as a lad, he would have sold his unsound animal and bought another; but he was probably not a very good rider, was accustomed to his cob, and did not like to try a new one. And that is why I guessed him to be a stout, self-made man of over middle-age.

The Man and His Load

Here is a scouting experience which I once had in India.

During a walk on a stony mountain path in Kashmir I noticed certain signs. There was a tree-stump about three feet high by the path. A stone about the size of a coconut lay near it, to which were sticking some bits of bruised walnut rind, also lying on the stump. Farther along the path, thirty yards to the south of the stump, were lying bits of walnut shell of four walnuts. Close by was a high, sloping rock, alongside the path. The only walnut tree in sight was 150 yards north of the stump. At the foot of the stump was a cake of hardened mud which showed the impression of a grass shoe.

My solution of it was this. A man had gone southward on a long journey along the path two days ago, carrying a load, and had rested at the rock while he ate walnuts.

He was a man carrying a load, because when carriers want to rest they do not sit down, but rest their load against a sloping rock and lean back. Had he had no load, he would probably have sat down on the stump; but he preferred to go thirty yards farther to where the rock was.

Everyone a Sherlock Holmes

Women do not carry loads there, so it was a man. But he first broke the shells of his walnuts on the tree-stump with the stone, having brought them from the tree 150 yards north. He was travelling south, therefore, and he was on a long journey as he was wearing shoes, and not going barefooted, as he would have been if only strolling near his home. Three days ago there was rain; the cake of mud had been picked up while the ground was still wet, but it had not been since rained upon and was now dry. The walnut rind was also dry, so that days had elapsed.

That is just an example of everyday practice such as any boy or girl might carry out. You will not become a Sherlock Holmes all at once, but you will find that all your walks become more interesting, and all the time you will be making fresh discoveries and training yourself to be a useful member of the community.

WHO WOULD BE A KING?

MAN WHO TIRED OF IT

Five Hours on a Jumped-Up Throne

THE IDLE GOD OF KINGS

There are people who think it must be easy work and pleasant to be a king; but they do not know.

A British doctor, Dr. Edward Hall, who was in charge of a war hospital in the Eastern Mediterranean, has been explaining how he was treated exactly like a king, and did not like it at all.

He was invited to a monastery of the Greek Church when the news came of the capture of Jerusalem by General Allenby, and the monks insisted on having a thanksgiving service and treating him as the agent and representative of the British King. In fact, they put him on a royal throne in the centre of a gorgeous church, just as if he had been a king, and then went on with their service.

Doctor on a Throne

For an hour Dr. Hall enjoyed it. In two hours he felt he had had enough kingship. In four hours he was exhausted. At the end of five hours he went on strike—as a king—and ran away.

So they gave him a royal salute and let him go. After that they went on with their ceremony eight hours more. But the five hours he had suffered on a throne cured Dr. Hall of ever wishing to be a king. He did not like this appalling ceremony. We remember that great passage in Shakespeare, who makes King Henry the Fifth address the god of royal ceremony in these famous words:

AND what art thou, thou idle Ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

O Ceremony! show me but thy worth:

What is thy soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men,

Wherein thou art less happy, being feared, Than they in fearing?

O! BE sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; I am a king that find thee; and I know 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown-imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running 'fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp That beats upon the high shore of this world.

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who with a body filled and vacant mind Gets him to rest . . .

SLEEPING AND WAKING

Odd Puzzle for the Law

Which is most needed in a house—something to send us to sleep or something to wake us up?

The law has been deciding that an alarm clock to wake people up is a necessary thing, just as necessary as a hot-water bottle to help them to fall asleep.

Which of the two is the more needed is one of those odd little puzzles that may be used as an exercise in thinking.

Both are too important to be laughed at, but sleep is more difficult to get than to lose. You can pull anybody out of it, if the alarm clock is disobeyed, but you cannot push anybody into it.

So there was a good reason why the water-bottle should get a place in the list of household requisites, according to law, before the clock was put there.

BEWARE THE FLYING WATCHMAN

Dor Beetle's Defence YOUNG HOUSE PIGEONS HATCH OUT

By Our Country Correspondent

As the real spring weather approaches all life becomes active, and of no creatures is this more true than of beetles.

One of the most familiar is the dor beetle, or, as it is often called, the dumble-dor, or flying watchman. It is black in colour, generally glossed with blue or green, and is a rich violet underneath.

Last autumn the female might have been seen flying in circles, looking for a place in which to lay her eggs. Attracted, no doubt, by scent, she finally settled upon a patch of manure in a field, and burrowed right through it and into the earth underneath. Then, lining her tunnel with the manure, she laid an egg and crawled out, repeating the operation again and again.

Prisoner That Breaks Loose

At this time of year the dor beetle is easily distinguished by its floundering flight and the droning of its wings. It is the beetle of Gray's Elegy, and if you are out on a mild evening after dark, you are quite likely to be struck in the face by a flying dumble-dor.

When walking on the ground, if it is alarmed, it has a habit of turning over on its back and curling up its legs. Then, when it wants to get back, it finds very great difficulty. Unfortunately for the beetle, the under part is generally infested with a multitude of parasites.

The dor beetle is remarkably strong, and if you catch one and close your hand tightly upon it, you will be very clever if you can keep it a prisoner. Its spiky legs work like a rake against your skin, and it is with these that it excavates the earth for a safe hole in which to lay its eggs in autumn.

Sometimes you will see by the side of the footpath little piles of sand and earth thrown up against small holes. These are the work of the dor beetle.

Swarms of Beetles on the Wing

But the dor is not the only beetle abroad just now. A spell of warmth will enable you to see whole swarms of smaller beetles on the wing, particularly the roves.

The timarche, also, can be seen now, and is recognised by its habit of ejecting a drop of red fluid from its mouth that looks just like blood, and has given rise to a popular name for the beetle among country boys. The insect appears to be black, but it is really a deep bluish purple.

Among the birds we shall find that the house-pigeon is one of the first to hatch out its young. The peacock is screaming, which corresponds to the gobbling of the turkey and the cooing of the dove, though it is neither so quaint as the one nor so soft as the other.

Good-bye to the Grey Crow

The hoodie, or grey, crows are leaving us, except for a few that remain in Scotland to nest and bring up families. They like to build in a tall tree or on a ledge of a cliff, and the materials are sticks and twigs, plastered with mud and lined with roots, grass, hair, or feathers.

The apricot and peach trees are flowering, and also the aspen, while the quince, gooseberry, privet, snowberry, and dog-rose are all putting on their leafy garments.

Among the wild blossoms to be looked for are the ivy-leaved speedwell, colts-foot, white dead nettle, and daffodil. Daffodils have been seen in blossom as early as January 28, but it is not very often that they are found before the present week. C. R.

ANCIENT CITY DISCOVERED

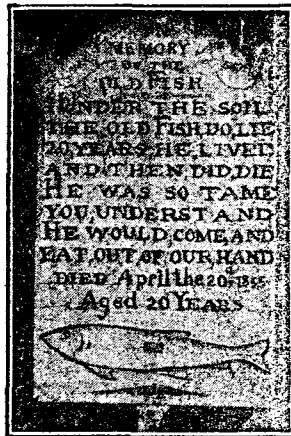
Some Italian peasants, digging in a vineyard near Ancona, came upon some beautiful vases, and further search revealed a buried city and cemetery dating back 2000 years.

FISH THAT TRUSTS A MAN

A Trout of Long Ago

The golden carp at Bath is not the only fish that has been trained to trust a man. A

correspondent sends us the inscription on a trout's grave in the village of Blockley, in South Worcestershire, which, with good feeling but in very bad verse, tells of another fish that deserves honourable mention.



The Trout's Tombstone

The trout has a tombstone recording its death on April 20, 1855. It is headed: IN MEMORY OF THE OLD FISH and it runs somewhat feebly, though its sense is clear:

Under the soil the old fish do lie,
Twenty years he lived, and then did die;

He was so tame, you understand,
He would come and eat out of our hand.

DEATH OF A BAD CAUSE And Victory for a Right One

Matthew Arnold, that clever English writer, once described Oxford as "the home of lost causes." It is a phrase which may be understood in two contradictory ways.

Its young men often dream noble dreams too fine to be made real in their day, and so they are lost; its old men often cling to worn-out ways which the world has no longer any use for—causes that linger on in a pitiful manner, rejected and despised by the wide-awake world.

But the meanest of these decayed causes perish at last, mourned by the learned who never learn anything new.

One such cause has just died. It is the prevention of anybody who is not a Church of England clergyman from becoming a Doctor of Divinity of Oxford. The fight of the old men to keep Oxford a little close preserve in religion for a few has been long and tenacious, but it is over at last.

The cause was lost long ago, but Oxford would not admit it. Now it gives in, and the way to a Divinity degree is made the open road to Christianity, and not the narrow lane of one Church.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from March 7. Black figures indicate next morning.

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise	6.35 a.m.	6.30 a.m.	6.23 a.m.
Sunset	5.49 p.m.	5.52 p.m.	5.57 p.m.
Moonrise	9.21 p.m.	11.32 p.m.	1.26 a.m.
Moonset	7.34 a.m.	8.35 a.m.	9.56 a.m.
High Tide	3.46 p.m.	4.49 p.m.	6.33 p.m.

Next
Week's
Moon



THE OLD SLIPPER

As the great aeroplane was leaving Cairo for its flight to the Cape, a lady ran forward and threw in an old slipper, which Dr. Chalmers Mitchell caught, with a smile. We shall see it, no doubt, in the British Museum of Flight one day.

HOW TO BE HAPPY

Joy of Life in South Africa

A bright girl friend of ours has been camping out in South Africa, and she sends us these notes of her experience on a farm "quarter way up a mountain."

We spent a week on the farm, then packed our goods and chattels and trekked northwards. We trekked for nearly six days through the Zoutpansberg Mountains and over the bushveld, taking turns in driving in the dog-cart, riding, or going in the wagon. We crossed two terrible drifts, and waded through, as the water was very shallow, but it was bitterly cold and very swift, and it was all we could do to keep steadily on our feet.

After journeying up for nearly six days we arrived at Chepesa, where the wonderful boiling sulphur springs are. Chepesa is inhabited by a few natives only, and is thirty miles from the Rhodesian border. There we camped for a week, and had two sulphur baths a day.

We heard and saw many baboons, heard hyenas, jackals, and the weird screams of the different night birds. Once we thought we heard the roar of a lion in the distance.

While we were at Chepesa a calf and two sheep were stolen from a Kaffir kraal by a leopard. We set a trap, and tried hunting for it, but met with no success.

The scenery was very beautiful, and everywhere was a strange and silent peacefulness. Though it was mid-winter the heat was terrific.

MOCKERS OF JUSTICE

A Wise and Upright Judge

Judges can speak out plainly and fearlessly about things that are wrong, and they should do so, for their work is to make right prevail.

Mr. Justice Astbury, all honour to him, has spoken out, and has said what everyone who knows anything about courts of law knows to be true. He says that courts of justice sometimes become courts of injustice through the length to which lawyers drag out trials.

A case he was trying lasted eleven days, and ought not to have taken more than three days. Dawdling through cases often doubles and trebles the great expense of an appeal to the law for justice. A few brave outspoken judges would soon alter this form of extortion, for the lawyers who practise slow-timing would be known and avoided. Such men mock justice in its own court.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS BLESSED ARE THE POOR

We propose, week by week, to give a few verses from the Bible in French, for which all readers can find the translation. The following are from the Sermon on the Mount.

3. Heureux les pauvres en esprit, car le royaume des cieux est à eux!

4. Heureux les affligés, car ils seront consolés!

5. Heureux les débonnaires, car ils hériteront la terre!

6. Heureux ceux qui ont faim et soif de la justice, car ils seront rassasiés!

7. Heureux les miséricordieux, car ils obtiendront miséricorde!

8. Heureux ceux qui ont le cœur pur, car ils verront Dieu!

9. Heureux ceux qui procurent la paix, car ils seront appelés fils de Dieu!

10. Heureux ceux qui sont persécutés pour la justice, car le royaume des cieux est à eux!

11. Heureux serez-vous lorsqu'on vous outragera, qu'on vous persécutera, et qu'on dira faussement de vous toute sorte de mal, à cause de moi.

12. Réjouissez-vous et soyez dans l'allégresse, parce que votre récompense sera grande dans les cieux.

From the Fifth Chapter of Matthew

MOTIVE POWER OF THE FUTURE

Tapping the Heat Deep Down in the Earth

ROCKS THAT BURST WHEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT

Old London is founded on fire. All England is, all Britain is, the whole world has fire at its heart. Men of science have been in conference to see if we can tap that inexhaustible heat, convert it into energy, and make it of use to this war-burdened world. The end of their deliberations is that they are agreed that, though the power is here, and illimitable, the time is not yet.

It is the star-men, the great astronomers, assisted by famous engineers, who have been pondering the problem, the problem aroused by a re-starting of Sir Charles Parsons's scheme to sink a 12-mile shaft into the earth. The Italians are at this moment deriving 10,000 horse power from the scalding steam issuing from their borings in the scorching depths that lie beneath the neighbourhood of Florence.

Boring into Vesuvius

Now they are going to carry a bore into Vesuvius itself—into Vesuvius, the dead volcano whose ashes and lava still cover Pompeii, Herculaneum, and their peoples—Vesuvius, whose recurring coughs and convulsions still sweep away village and vineyard, and add new victims to its long roll of human beings slain. Vesuvius can be tamed by Time alone, but men are about to tap its fiery force!

Heat is soon reached in the volcanic soil of Italy. Elsewhere our desire has been to avoid it, for in tunnelling the Alps the workmen have suddenly broken into springs of water boiling in the rocks; and one and a fifth miles down, at the bottom of the Morro Velco mine in Brazil, the deepest in the world, the temperature is 101 degrees. That is no guide as to what other deep-lying temperatures would be, for no two experts in the world agree.

Terrific Happenings Underground

Whereas English collieries show an increase of one degree for every 72 feet, the increase in the Rand mines, in South Africa, is only one degree in 250 feet, so that our shallow-lying deposits are hotter than those of the land through which the equator runs.

But when we do go down to the necessary depths terrific things happen. The rocks are affected like the deep-sea fish which burst when hauled up to the surface. Sink a shaft into them, and remove the material by which pressure has been exerted, and the rocks, still pressed on, but lacking support, fly to pieces. Mr. Hugh Marriott, a Rand mine engineer, instances mines in Mysore where the flakes of rock fly off like pistol-shots, and flying pieces kill the men working in the galleries.

Pickaxe Causes Explosion

The same thing is going on at home, for Sir Aubrey Strahan tells of mines in Derbyshire where if a miner strikes his pickaxe down certain rocks the whole rock-face simply explodes. Men come out of the mine cut and wounded and "looking like pigs," he says.

Professor Turner thinks it would be safer to tunnel Mount Everest horizontally, for if water boils in the Alps there must be enormous heat in the Himalayas. Boiling water in the Alps means a temperature of 212 degrees, 100 degrees more than human beings can work in. Mr. Marriott puts 120 degrees as the average we may expect for a three-mile depth, and men cannot endure more than 120 degrees, and then only for short periods, in dry air.

THE TREES OF FRANCE

France has begun the work of re-planting trees in the devastated battle areas. The Ministry of Public Works, which has charge of the matter, controls 24,000 miles of roads bordered by over three million trees.

THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by
Edward Wright

What Has Happened Before

Ted Lanaway, a Sea-Scout, is one of a British exploration party on a river in the Amazon Forest.

His father, Colonel Lanaway, is in charge, and with him are three naval officers and some Tupi Red Indians.

Ted's inseparable companion is Manco, a Quichuan Red Indian, whom he had rescued from the Tupis.

He is captured by some strange Indians and taken before Joy Star, the girl Queen of the Amazons, an Inca ruler. Ollantay, one of her commanders, wishes Ted to be sacrificed to the Sun, but Joy becomes his friend and asks Ted to be her protector. She has heard of his wonderful flying boat.

Meanwhile Manco tells the colonel of Ted's disappearance. The father finds his son, and together they go down the river in another boat. Later, as they approach the city, they are met by a shower of poisoned arrows, one striking the colonel.

CHAPTER 6

In the Forest

By the temple wall the Inca commander Ollantay stood by his archers, urging them to shoot straight and destroy the strangers. A crowd of people collected above the temple, and faces appeared at the palace windows. High above all the confused cries rose the shout of Ollantay.

"Kill them! Kill them!" he yelled, leading his men in a charge down to the river.

But Ted was watching through a bolt-hole in the side of the boat, having dragged his wounded father into shelter. He reached the starter, got the engine going, stood up and took the wheel, and drove the craft along the curve towards the farther side of the hill city.

Ollantay's men, who had slung their bows and taken spears and axes in their hands, had no time to shoot. Having raced away from them, Ted stopped amid-stream, and turned to his father.

"Pull the arrow out," gasped the colonel, his body heaving with convulsions. "I cannot breathe. I am choking. The brutes have got me—Air! Air!"

The face of the gallant fighting man turned grey with pain as his son tugged at the arrow.

"I must get help," Ted sobbed. "Oh, if I could get a message to the queen!"

He brought the boat against some stairs on the southern side of the hill, and screamed for help.

Three friendly Indians came and lifted the wounded man to the stairs and began to carry him towards the palace. An Inca councillor met them, and threw up his hands when he saw the colonel.

"He will be dead before you reach the palace," he said. "His blood is choking him. Stretch him on the grass!"

He stooped down and with a small bronze knife made two incisions in the colonel's chest, and pulled out the arrow. He placed something white on the tongue of the wounded man, and then turned him face downward, and let him bleed awhile.

"I'm all right," said Lanaway to Ted, who was leaning over him. "Tell him I'm all right, and turn me over!"

But the Inca doctor needed no interpreter when he heard his patient speak.

"He will live," he said. "Ollantay will be glad to hear it, for the queen is very angry."

Gently and carefully the colonel was carried to the palace and tended by the doctor, while Ted was led into the royal presence. There was no ceremony about Queen Joy Star.

"I know all that has happened," she said. "Ollantay is in prison now. He said he did not see you, and attacked only the strange man."

"The strange man is my father!" exclaimed the boy. "I fear he will not live."

"He shall live," said the little queen. "I want him to take me up in his magic boat. My doctors are tending him, and his wound will soon be healed. Now show me the boat!"

She went down to the riverside, with her train of nobles and maidens.

Ted explained as best he could how the engine worked in driving the boat, either through the water or up in the air.

"Make the boat fly now!" said the queen.

Ted was strongly tempted to try his skill once more, but remembering his first accident he hesitated, rather for his father's sake than for his own. Wildly as he wished to show off, he was afraid he could not manage a good descent. Besides, the petrol was running low, and it might be wanted again for serious business.

"There is not enough fuel," he humbly explained. "We must wait till my father is better, and brings his other boats down the river."

"Let all the boats at once be brought down the river!" said Joy, stamping her foot with impatience. "Go, boy, and help my people!"

So once more Ted had to travel through the forest, but this time he had a thousand men with him, and at the last moment the girl queen resolved to journey to the Pool of Death.

With Ollantay in prison and her own uncle still absent, Joy was free to do almost as she pleased. Her coming made the journey very slow. She rode in the regal litter, carried by eight men, and a road had to be cut through the trees.

Though the Red Indian axemen worked in gangs with the utmost vigour, the royal procession was not halfway through the forest when night fell. The axemen went on working through the gloomy tropical wilderness.

Meanwhile, Queen Joy Star, with her maids of honour, guards, courtiers, and Ted, feasted in tents in a small natural clearing, and talked in happy strain like a big picnicking party.

Ted tried to learn more about the new Inca kingdom, but beyond gathering that it was founded by the nobles who fled with the great golden treasure when the Spaniards plundered Peru, he gained little knowledge. Everybody was too eager asking questions about his country and the inventions used in the European war for him to get the opportunity he wanted.

CHAPTER 7

Death Above and Below

THE feasting and talking were suddenly interrupted. A distant guard gave a loud cry. Then his comrades shouted. A man rushed into the royal tent, and took the queen in his arms, yelling: "The pigs have come! Quick! To the trees! We cannot hold them back!"

Ted had heard much talk about the peccary, or little pig of the Amazon forest, and he had glimpsed some on occasions from the river, but he did not understand the panic-fear that fell upon the Inca people. He still carried his Webley pistol and a belt of cartridges, and thought he could master anything so small as a peccary.

He went forward to help the guards, whom he could hear shrieking as in an agony of pain. Before he reached the fighting, three peccaries, who had broken through the Indians' defence, rushed towards him, squealing and grunting, and rasping with their little razor-like tusks.

They were light-limbed and active as dogs, dark grey in colour,

with white hair round their jaws. Although Ted managed to shoot all three before they could seriously hurt him, he, too, began to know what fear was.

Often had Manco told him that the little peccary was the lord of the forest, beside whom the jaguar and anaconda counted as nothing. The lad smiled at the tales, thinking that, with a modern magazine rifle, there would be no danger from the smallest of wild pigs.

He was of another mind now. One of his long leather boots was slit and his leg bleeding, and though the pig that did it was dead at his feet, he did not see how he could face the hundreds raging in front of him. He turned and ran.

The peccaries seemed to smell him, but he remembered that their sight was not good, and went slantways. Hearing the queen calling him, he made in her direction, and found her standing at some distance from a tree with an Indian kneeling beside her.

The man had tripped in a hole while carrying his queen, and broken his ankle. He was imploring her to leave him, but the brave girl would not.

"Child of the Sun," she cried, when she saw Ted, "help my man!"

"I am nothing," said the Red Indian. "Save the queen. Look!

aimed and pulled. Bang! With a bullet in its spine, the little savage beast rolled over.

But more were coming up. Ted took the girl's hand, and ran her to the nearest tree with low-hanging branches, hoisted her up, climbed himself by the rope-like vines, but found her sitting high above him, half laughing and half crying.

"You climb badly," she said, "but you are a good boy. It was you who saved me. But, oh, my poor men down there in the grass!"

All the clearing was won by the wild pigs. They were rushing about in blind anger, forming large, dark, travelling patches, like swift cloud-shadows on the moonlit grass. They now made a curious moaning noise, while still rattling their horrible little tusks.

"They cannot see us," said Joy.

All immediate danger seemed over. Ted climbed up to the queen and sat beside her, and prepared to reload his pistol. But the belt of cartridges he had worn underneath his Inca mantle was gone.

"What a great sound your weapon makes!" said Joy, glancing at his Webley.

"It is no more use," said Ted sadly.

"You must shoot again, you must!" said the girl. "Look, look!"

Two balls of yellow fire shone from an under branch that creaked



"You must shoot again, you must!" said the girl. "Look, look!"

They have smelt us. They are coming after us!"

It was another small drove. The Indian rose on one foot, took one pig on his spear, disengaged, and with great rapidity stuck another.

Ted stood in front of Joy. Happily he had refilled his pistol while running, and as the little, white-jawed, iron-grey beasts charged with their snouts up, he shot most of them over.

He missed two, however. He kicked out with his iron-shod right boot, catching one of his terrible little enemies in the throat below its tusks. The other peccary seemed to leap at him, to give the deadly downward rip that is peculiar to the American pig.

Again Ted escaped, for, as he swerved as he gave his kick, the second beast missed him, landed by his side, and then, with a ferocious grunt charged Queen Joy, standing out in the moonlight in her white mantle.

"Help! Oh, help!" she cried.

Ted did not know if he had another shot in his pistol, but he

heavily and suddenly. A jaguar was following the great herd of peccaries, hoping to snatch some straggler and get back to the trees. But it smelt human flesh, and, seeing the glimmering form of Joy, crawled up towards the boy and girl by the roped and festooned trunk.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GARDEN NEXT WEEK

Make sowings of main crop of peas. Sow radishes.

Trenching and digging should be hurried on so that the ground by the end of the month may either be cropped or ready.

Clear away worn-out Brussels sprouts and other winter stuff, and prepare the ground for fresh crops.

Spring bedding plants will soon be gay. Many of the violas, silenes, and others that bloom early will be in flower. Keep the beds under inspection, and remove all decayed leaves. In dry weather stir the surface of the soil with a hoe to destroy weeds.

Five-Minute Story

THE MYSTERY BOX

It was said that old Giles had money, that, in fact, he was a miser. And although he went about the village in rags and tatters, everyone thought it was only to deceive people and to keep robbers from breaking in and stealing the gold from his strong box.

Old Giles lived in a little cottage at some distance from the village. He had a cow, a few pigs, and a garden in which he grew cabbages and potatoes. A pile of wood and faggots stood close by the back door of the cottage. Roses, red and white, grew against the yellow walls, and made vivid splashes of colour in the summer.

There were many cottages exactly like old Giles's in the village. But no one in the village had a strong box except old Giles.

It was a big box, bound with iron bands, and with an enormous old brass lock. The oak of which it was made was black with age, and battered and scarred, but as strong as the iron bands that bound it.

There were all sorts of rumours about the contents of the box. Some said the old man had been a pirate in his younger days, and that the box was full of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. Others that it was filled with gold pieces he had amassed by smuggling on the West Coast in the days when such things were.

But all were agreed that the box could contain but one thing—treasure.

Old Giles had been hoeing and planting winter greens all day, and felt very tired when he entered his cottage one late September evening. He lit a fire as the evening was chilly, and sat down to his humble supper, all unconscious that the eyes of Jim Hawkins and Joe Borrell, the two village wastrels, were watching his every action.

Supper finished, the old man trimmed and lit a candle, and then sat awhile in deep thought. Presently he rose, and the excitement of the watchers grew as they observed him draw the heavy box across the floor to where his chair stood.

They held their breath as he took a huge key from a tin canister that stood on the mantel-piece, and put it in the lock.

They clutched one another in an ecstasy of joy as he slowly turned the lock and threw the lid back.

What would it contain—rubies or gold pieces?

Then the old man slowly lifted out a child's drum, a toy sword, a little pair of shoes, a top, and a crowd of broken toys.

Abashed, the would-be robbers stole quietly away. They suddenly remembered that the old man's son had fallen in the Napoleonic Wars.

Old Giles's treasure was safe.



Every Night Shall Turn to Day



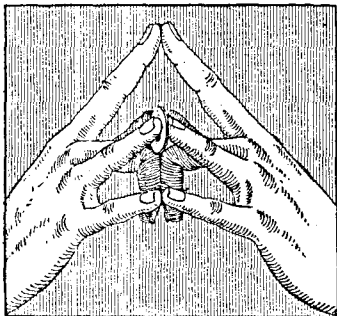
DI MERRYMAN

"WHAT is a vicious circle, Dad?"
"A punctured tyre, my son."

Can You Drop the Halfpenny?

ASK somebody to place his hands and fingers in the position shown in the picture—that is, with the hands put together and all the fingers extended and pressed tip to tip, except the middle fingers, which should be folded in and pressed together in the manner shown.

Then between the tips of the fingers next to the little fingers place a halfpenny, and tell your



How to hold the Halfpenny

friend he can have this if he can drop it without moving his other fingers or unclosing his hands. Provided he keeps his fingers in the position shown, it will be quite impossible for him to drop the halfpenny.

Remember that the folded fingers must be held close together, and not merely with the knuckles or joints touching.

What am I?

I CANNOT go up the chimney up,
Nor down the chimney up;
But I can go up the chimney down,
And also down the chimney down.

Answer next week

A Wise Old Bird

THERE was an old owl who lived in an oak,
The more he heard, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
So I'm going to be like that old bird.

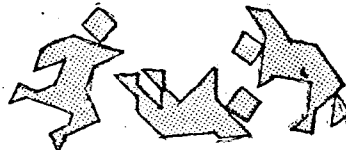
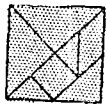
Is Your Name Hodge?

SOME think that the name Hodge is a changed spelling of the Christian name Robert, which means bright fame, and that those who bear the name come from an ancestor who distinguished himself for nobility. Others believe that the original Hodge came from Aubusson, in France, and that the word is derived from the name of that town.

Tangrams

HERE are some more pictures made from the tangrams invented many centuries ago by the Chinese.

Cut out a large square of cardboard into seven pieces, as marked in the first diagram, and see if you can make the figures shown here. All the



pieces are used and they must fit close together, but there must be no overlapping.

Almost any object can be made from these pieces. See how many you can make.

Can you Arrange the Letters?

A PRINTER'S boy, carrying a word in type, dropped it, and all the letters were scattered about. They were all picked up, but the boy could not think of any English word that they would make. Can you? Here are the letters:
A A A A B B N N I I R S T T

Solution next week

A Punster's Lament

If I be duly punished
For every foolish pun I shed,
I shall not find one puny shed
In which to hide my punnish head.

Do You Live in Kent?

It used to be thought that the name Kent came from an old Celtic word for white, and referred to the white cliffs of that part of England; but it is now believed that it is from a word meaning headland, a reference to the way the county juts out into the sea.

An Easy One

MY third and fourth are a quarter of my first and second; my fourth is half of them; and my third is half. What am I?

Answer next week

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Three nines are Twenty $9+9$

Anagram Saltpetre

What time is it to the Policeman?

As the policeman stands on duty and looks down at his feet they are in the position of the hands of a clock at ten minutes to two.

A Picture Lesson in Geography

The villages were Chatters Hill and Pill.

LE GARÇON



The boy

This picture will help you to learn easily the French words for cap, head, face, neck, arm, boot, knickers, coat, handkerchief, elbow, finger, ear, and knee.

NOTES AND QUERIES

What does G.C.B. mean? G.C.B. after a man's name means that he is a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath.

What is the Lord Advocate? The Lord Advocate is the Chief Law Officer in Scotland, just as the Attorney-General is in England.

Where was Adullam? Adullam was a city and stronghold in Judah, and David, when a refugee, withdrew to this stronghold, which in the Bible is called a "cave." Thither went to him all who were discontented; and in 1866 John Bright likened political malcontents to those who had resorted to the Cave Adullam. Since then such people have been known as Adullamites.

Jacko Has a Feast

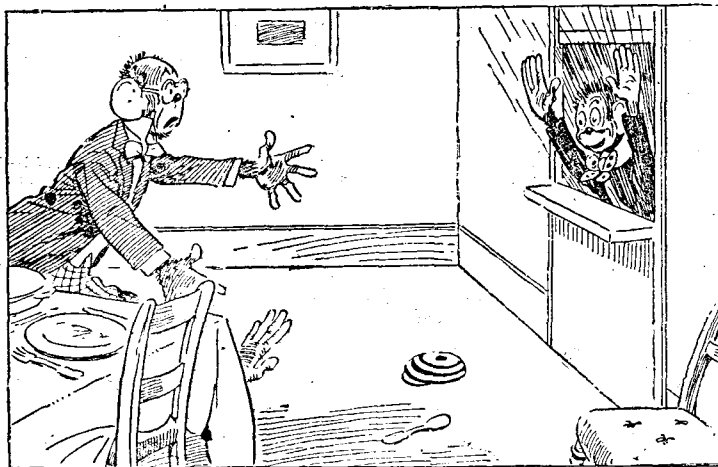
AT Jacko's school it sometimes happened that the Master would have his dinner sent up to his study, where he could eat it in peace, and perhaps get on with a favourite book.

One morning the workmen came to the school, and a lot of hammering went on all the morning.

"What a row!" said the boys. "What are they doing?"

"Putting up new shelves," suggested somebody, for everyone knew the Master never went out but he brought home an armful of new books.

"No fear," said Chimpy. "They're making a dinner-lift



Jacko jumped into the lift, pulled the cord, and disappeared

to bring up the things from the kitchen to save Cook running up and down. Lots of houses have them."

"What a game!" said Jacko. "I'd like to see it."

But he didn't get a chance till he was sent into the room, some days later, in disgrace. There he was to stay till the Master came up, and, as Jacko put it, read him a long lecture.

He was very interested in the lift, and he found that by just pulling the cord he could bring it up or send it down, as he liked.

As he stood looking an idea came to him, and he began to grin. He poked his head inside the opening in the wall, and called out in a voice as like the Master's as he could make it:

"Send up my dinner, please."

"Yes, sir. Certainly, sir," said a voice from below. "What would you like?"

"Coo-ee!" muttered Jacko to himself; and aloud he said, "Roast lamb and new peas."

In a very few minutes the lift began to rattle, and up it came.

Jacko lifted the covers.

"My word!" he said. "It does look good. I'm as hungry as a hunter." And he sat down and began to gobble it up.

When it was all gone he put the plates back, and cried out, "Now I'll have some apple pudding and custard, please."

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir," said the polite voice from below.

In a few minutes the lift rattled again, and up came a big plateful of his favourite pudding.

Jacko's mouth began to water. He had just dug in his spoon and scooped out an enormous mouthful when the door opened, and in came the Master!

"Snakes alive!" exclaimed Jacko, jumping up in a fright; and without another word he jumped into the lift, and pulled the cord, and disappeared.

But the day of reckoning came sooner than he anticipated!

There Was an Old Man who said Do



THERE was a young man of Cohoes
Wore tar on the end of his nose;
When asked why he'd done it,
He said for the fun it
Afforded the men of Cohoes.

THERE was an old man who said, "Do
Say how I can add two and two?
I'm not very sure
That it doesn't make four;
But I fear that is almost too few."

Who Was He?

The Weary Poet

ON the day of a great naval battle, 2400 years ago, when a small country beat a mighty empire, a boy was born of poor parents on an island near which the great victory was won.

His parents had taken refuge in the island from the invading enemy, but that foe now received such a blow that it had to return home in ignominy.

As the lad grew up he studied philosophy and oratory, and did some painting. He was intended for an athlete, but his inclinations were in the direction of writing, and when about twenty he brought out his first play.

From that time he never ceased to write, and during a long life he produced about eighty plays, only a few of which have come down to us. These, however, are among the world's masterpieces.

Other writers became jealous of his success, and attacked him bitterly, but nothing shook his reputation, and he took his place as one of the greatest masters of tragedy.

He had turned seventy when the king of a neighbouring state invited him to his court, and this invitation the author gladly accepted, as he had become weary of strife. He was greatly honoured in his new home, though here, again, rival poets showed jealousy; but the king delighted in him, and for a time all went well. He found the tranquillity that he had sought in vain in his native land.

His work was always of the highest merit, and he wrote for all time. Once an insolent author of no ability observed that he had written 300 verses in three days, while the great poet had written only 100 verses in the same time.

"True," said the famous author, "but there is this difference between your poetry and mine. Yours will expire in three days and mine will live for ages to come." And he was right.

He had spent three years in his retreat when one day he took a lonely walk. Suddenly a number of fierce dogs belonging to the king set upon him furiously, and so mangled him that he died. It was afterwards said that the dogs had been set upon him by two rival poets.

However that may be, his death was greatly lamented by the foreign king, who buried him with honour and erected a magnificent tomb over the remains.

The people of his own city begged that they might have his body, but it was refused, and so the people had to content themselves with an inscription on a cenotaph. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last Week's Name—Bernard Palissy

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

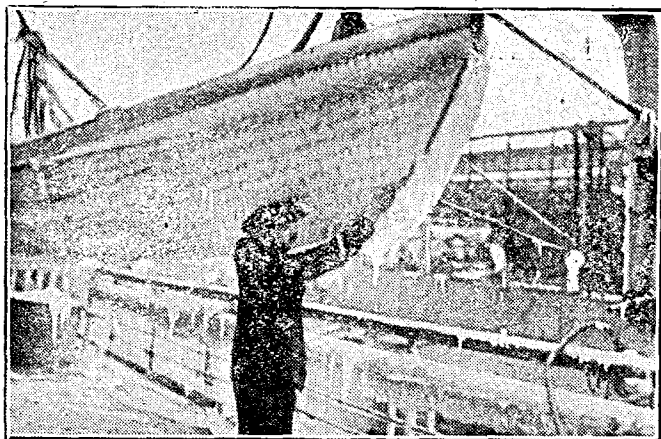
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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ICE-BOUND CITY · WORLD'S RICHEST WOMAN · BABY THAT MAY LIVE 300 YEARS



New York in the grip of ice—America is experiencing very severe weather, and liners arrive covered with ice, while the streets are snow-bound. See page 4



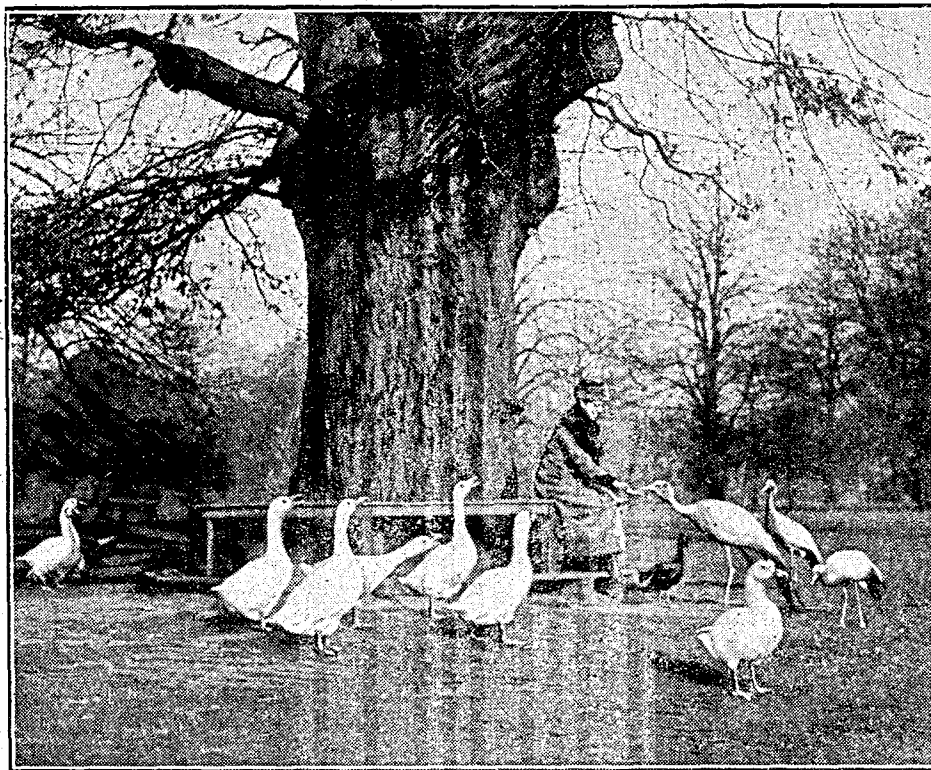
The richest woman in the world—Mrs. Suzuki, a Japanese shipowner, who made £30,000,000 during the war. See page 2



Happy playmates in a London park—Little Jack Squirrel comes down to have a game with his young friends



Lacrosse at Paddington



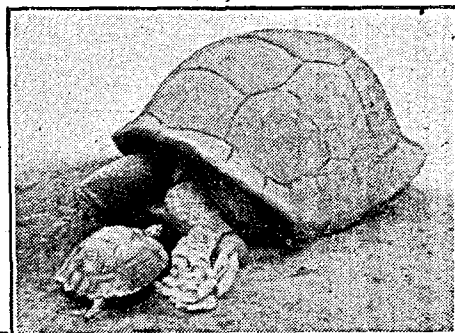
Feeding the cranes and geese at Kew—These birds know their friend, who is a regular visitor



Lady Shackleton as a girl guide—She is a commander, and takes a great interest in the movement



An exciting moment—Sailors playing pushball at Portsmouth
EVERYTHING GOES UP



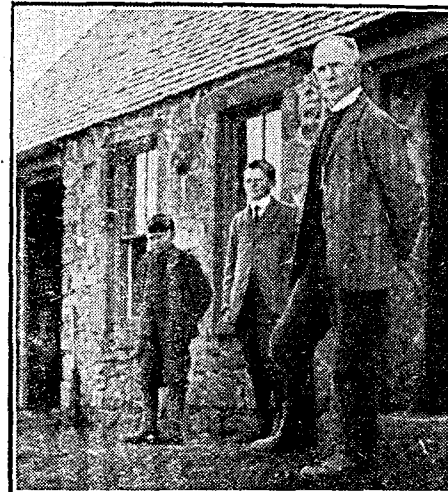
He may see the daffodils bloom in the spring of 2220—The baby giant tortoise at the Zoo which may live 300 years



New arrivals at the Zoo—The funny little rock-hopper penguins which have just come to London



Dog that went alone by train—Lost on the Underground, he took the next train after his mistress had gone home. See page 5



The headmaster and all his pupils—A Scottish school with a full attendance of scholars and teachers. See page 5



Getting ready for summer—Land girls in Surrey, cutting pea and bean sticks in the woods